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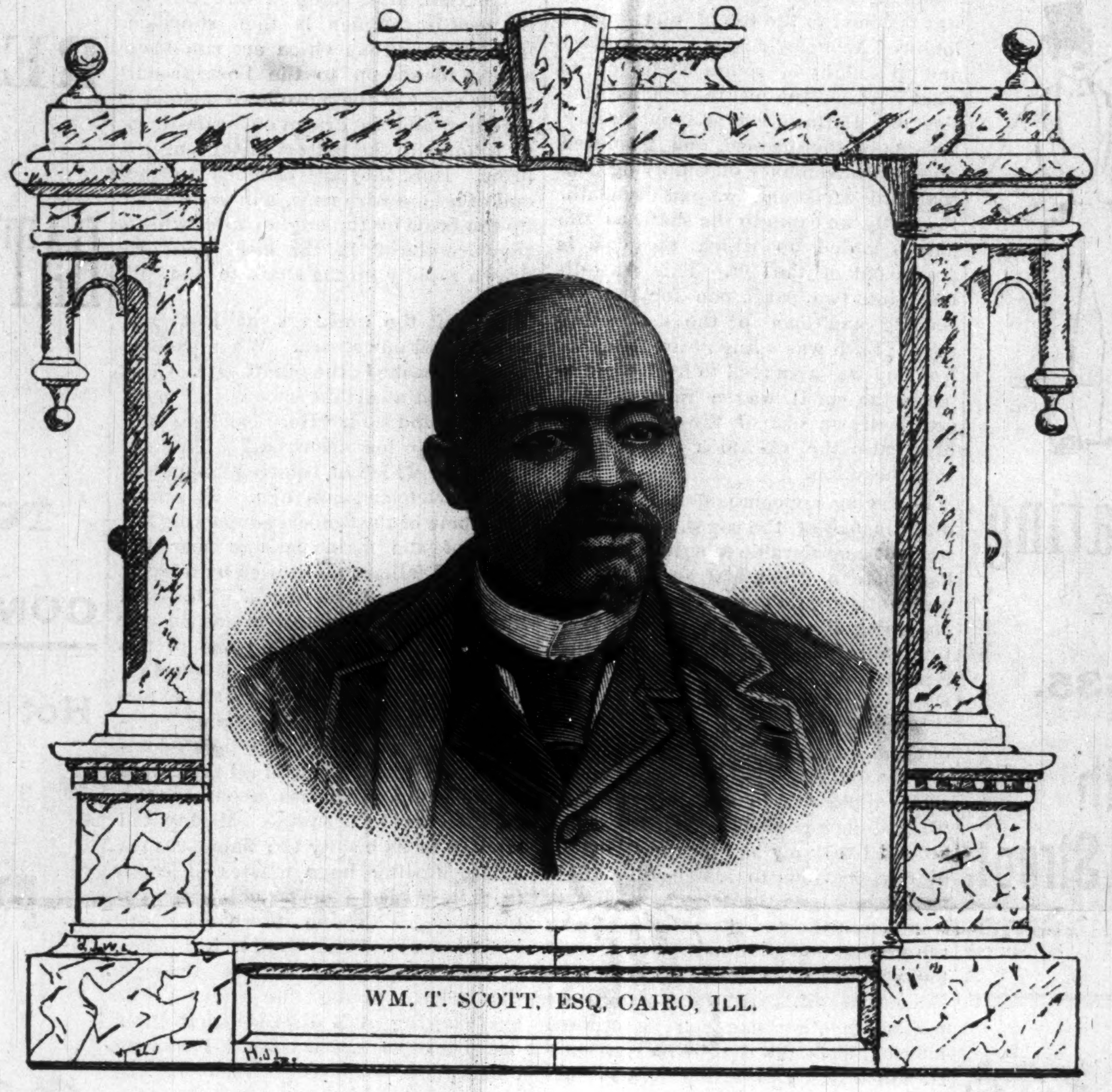
WILLIAM T. SCOTT, ESQ.,

Better Known as "The Egyptian Orator," Journalist and Merchant, of Cairo, Ill---Publisher of the First Colored Daily Newspaper, and Late Editor of the Cairo Gazette---A Negrowamp in Politics.



WM. T. SCOTT, ESQ, CAIRO, ILL.

The subject of this sketch was born at Newark, Licking county, Ohio, April 28, 1849. His boyhood days were spent in going to pay schools up to eleven years of age, at which time he lost his father, and William was stopped from attending school. He was then compelled to go to work to support his mother and sister, and so entered the barber shop of Henry Robinson as an apprentice. At the age of seventeen he had finished his apprenticeship and was foreman of the shop. During this time he was very attentive to his books, studying late and early, until he understood the common branches. He then made up his mind to go out in the world and see what was in store for a poor boy. Mr. Robinson held out big inducements to have him stay, but to no effect. He went to Coshocton, Ohio, opened a barber shop and remained there six months and made money. He went to Cincinnati in 1857, and worked at his profession and remained there until 1859, when he went on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers as barber, and occupied some of the finest shops on the rivers. He soon accumulated money, and the first thing he did was to build his mother a nice home at Newark, In 1862 he settled down to business in Cincinnati during the war, but in 1868, when the opportunity presented itself that colored men could go and fight for their country, he was one of the first to enter the naval service, and was assigned to the steamer Victoria, the receiving ship, then located at Cairo, He was in the service eighteen months as wardrobe steward. He was discharged in 1865, and went into the saloon business at Cairo, and made money very rapidly, investing it in real estate, which soon increased greatly in value, and, as a result, shortly controlled considerable wealth. He has been engaged in several different enterprises during this time---wood and coal yard, hack and transfer line and a stock farm. He owns twenty-nine lots in the town of Hodges Park, which is almost entirely owned by colored people.

Mr. Scott is a strong advocate of his people, and has spent thousands of dollars trying to protect their interests "in Egypt" in the past twenty-five years. He has always been very popular with his race in society and politics. He is a member of all the leading orders, and has a national reputation as a Mason and Odd Fellow. He wears the double-headed eagle, representing the order of the Scottish Rite Masons, consisting of the thirty-second degree, and among the fraternity he is considered a Masonic jurist. In 1880 he was elected G. M. of the G. U. O. of O. F., of Illinois, and held the position for three years, and declined to serve any longer. He has figured conspicuously in the different A. N. C. and B. N. C. of the G. U. O. O. F. in the past fourteen years, and is better kown as the Egyptian self-made orator. He is a fluent speaker, an able debater and fine reasoner. He has always taken an active part in politics since the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment in 1870. He was the first colored man that ever ran for office in the State of Illinois after the elective franchise was granted. He was a candidate for city marshal and was elected, but counted out by the fraud of one W. P. Pope, a leading Republican. They also set fire to his business house, and burned it down that night, believing that he was elected. He rebuilt, and the house which was set on fire five times was at last consumed with all its contents.

He has always been an active and consistent Republican, but had the moral courage to criticise men, measures and party, when they were not in keeping with the best interests of the Negro. He was several times elected as delegate to the congressional and State conventions. He offered the resolution, and supported it by a forcible argument at the State convention in 1880, placing the first and only colored man, Dr. J. H. Magee, as a member of the State Central Committee, which position he held for four years, and was appointed by Gov. Oglesby to a position in the grain inspector's office at Chicago.

He also represented and was selected to present the argument at the same convention of a contested congressional delegation, of which he was a member of Alexander county in the Twentieth district, known as the Damran and Thomas delegation. The result was that the Damran delegation was seated and Mr. Scott received many congratulations for the able manner in which he handled the case. He lives in the Twentieth district, where there are four thousand colored voters, and they are the balance of power. The Republican candidate is elected by from four to seventeen hundred plurality, and ex-Congressman John R. Thomas was elected term after term for ten successive years by the Negro vote, and he never gave a representative position to any colored man during the whole time. This treatment from the hands of Congressman Thomas, supported by the leading white Republicans of the district, enraged Mr. Scott and brought his manhood in question. And as a leader he condemned in fitting terms the action of Thomas and his weak-kneed, milk-and-water associates. He demanded recognition for his race, and politely declared if they did not receive it the Republicans could no longer depend upon the solid colored vote of the Twentieth district. This caused Thomas and that class of men that are Republicans for office only to sit down on and abuse Mr. Scott, some few colored men joining them in their abuse. In 1880 he declared himself an Independent, and in 1882 he established the Cairo Gazette, and fought the renomination of John R. Thomas to the bitter end. In 1885 he published and edited the Daily Gazette, the first daily newspaper ever published in the United States by a colored man. The paper continued six months, and four-fifths of its patronage was white. He advocates race first, and all other considerations afterwards, through the colums of his paper. After Mr. Cleveland's election he saw that there were more colored men appointed by him and his administration than there ever had been before he favored his renomination. He was at the National Convention at St. Louis which nominated Mr. Cleveland, and was in the organization of the National Colored Democratic League. He was a strong advocate of General John M. Palmer, who ran for Governor of the State of Illinois last fall, and made a canvass in his interest, and spoke from the same platform in many places in southern Illinois. He was one of the participants in the famous National Negro Democratic Convention held in Indianapolis, Ind., at which Hon. J. Milton Turner, Prof. P. H. Clark, C. H. J. Taylor, T. T. Fortune and many other advance thinkers, numbering about one hundred, were present. It will be remembered that Mr. Scott offered the resolution indorsing Cleveland's administration, which was unanimously adopted, and he was elected chairman of the Colored National Democratic Committee, consisting of one member from each State and Territory. The committee acted in connection with the other national committee during the campaign.

THE MEXICAN CONGRESS GRANT A CONCESSION ASKED FOR.

Paris, Texas, Special.

Advices from Mexico say the bill to grant concessions to Henry C. Ferguson and W. H. Ellis, two colored men from Texas, who propose to colonize land in the States of Oaxaca, Guerrero, Vera Cruz, Michoacan and San Luis Potosi, with Negroes from Texas and other American States, has passed the lower house of Congress with but one dissenting vote, and has gone to the Senate. It is believed the bill will pass and be signed by President Diaz. Ferguson and Ellis expect that 20,000 Negroes from Texas alone, will move to Mexico and raise cotton on these lands, and that many thousands of industrious blacks skilled in the cultivation of cotton will follow them from the States east of the Mississippi River.

The populace around Paris among the colored people here is made up of various modes of life. Some are sober, industrious, religious, intelligent and refined, while others are lawless and worthless, and hard to reform. In Paris there are two graded schools with an able faculty. They are laboring hard to blot out ignorance. The principal owners of real estate in the city of Paris, and in a radius of 25 miles of town are made up of the wealthy white people, dotted here and there with an intelligent family of colored people. Though everybody seems to be in strict harmony with each other, regardless of politics.

SOCIAL LIFE IN TEXAS.

Houston, Tex, Special

On Thursday night of last week the "Echo Social Club" gave a soiree dansante at Hardy's Hall, in the Third ward, complimentary to Misses Mary C. Butler, Fanny Banks and Julia Grace, of the Island City.

Undoubtedly it was the event of the season, for the entire upper tendom of colored aristocracy was out in full. There were present L. W. Watson with Miss H. Williams, C. Norvell Love with Miss M. E. Lasser, L. R. Jones with Miss Phoebe Johnson, Joe Nichols with Miss M. E. Butler, Joe Dibble with Miss Julia Grace, W. H. Smith with Miss Fanny Banks, Joe Jackson with Miss Lilly C. Williams, C. A. Jones with Miss Cassie Murdock, J. D. Jackson with Miss Ella Noble, C. A. Smith with Miss Mary Murdock, T. C. Colbert with Miss A. E. Fairchild, Louis Jones with Miss Sarah Noble, C. Schaifer with Miss G. A. Fairchild, B. F. Miller with Miss Emma White, James Slaughter with Miss Lilly Rivers, George Neely with Miss Tillie Postal, H. Loomis with Miss Ida Paine, and the following stags: E. L. Williams, Will C, Griffin and R. M. Matthews.

Prof. Jackson Foy's string band furnished music, of which the rarest lances, waltzes and polkas known in this lattitude were rendered.

REX.

Bill Pledger, the well known colored politician, is in receipt of a letter from the headquarters of the colored Odd Fellows, of Philadelphia, asking if it would be safe to hold the meeting of the biennial movable committee of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows in Atlanta in 1890. The meeting has been fixed for Atlanta, but the head men want information before coming here. Pledger says he will wait until the exposition is over before answering the letter.

Mr. A. L. Smith, a graduate of Oberlin University, Stenographic College, has become private Secretary to Rev. W. J. Simmons, D. D., District Secretary for the South, under the American Baptist Home Mission Society, New York.

THE AFRO LEAGUE IDEA.

ANOTHER VIEW OF AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT--AN ORGANIZATION SAID TO BE OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE.

Langston Not the Man to Lead the Hosts is Claimed --- The People Should Say Who Shall Lead Them. ---Another Name Suggested and a Hint Upon the Necessity of Calling a Meeting.

J. Gorden Street, in Philadelphia Sentinel.

The letter of Mr. William E. Matthews, of Washington, D. C., to Hon. John Mercer Langston, Petersburg, Va., published in all the leading papers of the country last week, in which the former gentleman spoke of the time being "ripe for a race organization for race unity, protection and the promotion of all interests pertaining to the dignity and welfare of our people," and asked Mr. Langston to undertake the work, and to "fuse the fragments of our race into one mighty host, which will then have the ability, as it now has the will, to protect itself," has been much discussed here in Boston. Mr. Matthews refers to the Afro-American League, conceived and brought forth by the able and brainy T. Thomas Fortune, late editor of the New York Freeman, as being the correct organization, "with such extensions and modifications as would bring under its banner friendly and sympathetic interest throughout the world." Every colored man feels and realizes the supreme importance of such a league. If there could be organized a strong, compact and solid confederation, like the Irish National League, what a great power the black men and women in the United States would be; Mr. Matthews' mind goes out to Mr. Langston as the man who, "qualified by temporament, training, high courage and wide-awake acquaintanceship with the needs of the race for such work."

Massachusetts colored men turn to T. Thomas fortune as the man to undertake such a work. He possesses all eminent qualities that a leader should have to manage and direct such a great combination. Fortune is known throughout the country as an intrepid, courageous, aggressive man. He is a born fighter, and has done good battle for the race on the field, recognized by the best minds of our own and the other race as the greatest---journalism. If a national league is to be established, let the people have the say of the choosing of the man who shall conduct its affairs. Speaking of forming the league and selecting its chief officer, the New York Age of the 5th inst. very properly and wisely observed:

"The thing, therefore, proper to be done is to call a meeting of the branches of the League already organized, and invite the co-operation of representatives from all the cities of the Union, which shall depute such representatives at a regularly called meeting. The National League can then be effected by representatives of the branch leagues, and necessary officers elected in due form."

We subscribe most heartily to the above. The Colored National League of Boston is ready to join in the calling of such a meeting. Philadelphia or New York would be the best place in which to meet. Boston would be a capital city for such a gathering. The proceedings would be more widely circulated throughout the nation by reason of the more liberal spirit of the agents of the associated press in this city. But Boston colored men will not press the point. Let us have the meeting somewhere and determine to organize, straightway, a National Afro-American League with T. Thomas Fortune, of New York, as its president.

There is a colored man in Alabama who has a chin 12 inches long. The dentist had hold of him.

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DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

Minute Description of a Trip Into an English Coal Pit.

"Come along, Sam! Now is your time if you want to go down the pit!"

So said Mr. Clay, the manager of our pits, to me, one morning, as I sat at my desk in the office of the Dukinfield Coal Pits. I had been employed in that office for over five years, but until that time had never been down the pit.

Following Mr. Clay, I asked him what I must do for clothes, as it would hardly do for me to go down the pit in my office suit.

"Come into the bath room," he replied; "there are some old things there that will do."

Presently I found myself arrayed in a pair of dirty trousers profusely ornamented with rags and holes, which, together with an old woolen jacket equally aristocratic in appearance, comprised my pit costume. On the table of Mr. Clay's office I found two safety lamps which he had brought—one for himself and one for me. They were cylindrical in shape, about a foot long and three inches in diameter. The lower part near the light was surrounded with glass and the upper part with fine iron gauze, through which the lamp was fed with air.

Seizing hold of the iron ring which was fastened to the top of one lamp, I followed Mr. Clay across a large yard and up a flight of rough steps on to what is called the pit top. This consists of a platform raised about twenty feet above the ground, and is placed thus for convenience of emptying the coal into carts and wagons beneath. Presently we came to the shaft, as the hole is called up which the coal is drawn out of the pit. This was divided into two parts, one for the ascendidg and one for the descending cage. Each was a huge framework of iron and was arranged to hold a number of the small wagon in which the coal is drawn out of the pit. In the cage also the workmen are lowered into the mine.

Following my companion, I took my place in one of the cages, though not without considerable misgivings, for I had heard a great deal about the unpleasant sensations experienced by any one going down the pit for the first time. Some of the men had told me that it made them feel as though their hearts were in their mouths, while others said it felt like standing on nothing. Most of them said it was unpleasant; but I did not find it so. There was nothing really unpleasant in the descent after we had once got fairly started. Gazing around I took my last look at the light of day previous to leaving for three hours, and then we started. Down we went—past the pumps on the level with the ground and then nothing was seen but the massive timbers framing the side of the pit. Still down, until we passed the other cage on its upward journey, and knew that we had descended half way. The feeble lights from our lamps cast a pale glimmer around, preserving us from what would otherwise have been Egyptian darkness. A moment later and the cage slackened speed and stopped. It was secured by a man at the bottom, and, stepping out, I found myself for the first time in my life in a coal mine. Nearly a half a mile of solid earth was above my head, while in front of me stretched a wide, dark tunnel about five feet in height. We went on a few yards, and then entered a small side passage leading to a hut, where the manager kept some books. Here we stayed a few moments, and then went on a little farther to the boiler-house where three moderately large boilers were at work. The places where the coal is gotten are in some places a mile from the shaft, and these boilers supply steam to an engine which pulls the loaded wagons from the workings up an incline called the engine brow. It was fearfully hot in the boiler-house, but the manager finished his inspection of the boilers in about ten minutes, and we made our way back to the main passage near the shaft. We wished to go to the workings where the men were actually getting the coal, To do this it was necessary to go down the steep incline called the engine brow which led to the place. So we got on to a truck which was fastened to the engine by a thick wire rope. The truck was a sort of low wagon without sides, and was about 6 feet in length by 4 in width. On this we reclined, with one hand supporting our heads and with the other holding our lamps. The engine started, and soon we were moving at the rate of six or seven miles an hour down the low steep tunnel. The roof was about a ton above our heads as we lay down on the truck. To have sat straight up would have been certain death and, in fact, many men have been killed by their heads striking the roof in this way. It was a strange sensation to be thus whirling along with the low roof overhead and the sides of the tunnel coming close to the car. Everything the dim light of our lamps fell upon was black and gloomy, except that every now and then a whitewashed patch of the wall indicated that in that place was a recess where a miner might take refuge should he be walking up the brow when the wagons were moving. But at length we arrived at the bottom and soon were walking along another tunnel about four feet high. We had to lean well forward with bodies nearly at right angles to our legs, and at the same time had to hold our heads back and keep a sharp eye on the roof lest some jagged edge of rock should strike us on the head. The light from our lamps was so faint that we could see but a few yards in advance and the unwonted posture caused my neck and back to ache severely.

Presently we came to the stables where the horses were kept. A miserable existence they must have, for they are seldom or never brought out of the pit, and have to spend their lives in pulling long trains of wagons through the dark tunnels of the mine. Some of them go blind with living in the darkness so long.

We passed on, through one tunnel after another, the air getting hotter the farther we went, until at length at the end of a low passage we came to a place where some miners were hewing the coal out of its native resting place. It was a wide, but low chamber where the men were working, and with numerous timber props supporting the roof. Before me I could see a shiny black seam of coal about four feet thick. At this seam men nearly naked, were working with picks and other tools. As I saw the fine fellows at work in the hot and foul air, daring death by explosion, fire damp, fails of roof, and many other ways, my respect for them was considerably increased.

The coal, after being hewed out of the rock by the men, is then shoveled into small wagons which are run down a short incline on to the horse road. Six or eight of them are here fastened together, and are drawn on tram-lines by a horse to the bottom of the engine brow. Here they are fastened to the end of a long wire rope, and are wound up the brow by the engine, after which they are placed in the cage and are drawn rapidly up the shaft to the pit top.

We left the workings at last and commenced our return. When we had nearly reached the shaft, Mr. Clay pointed out a certain spot in the main passage, and said, "Here is where the great explosion occurred." The explosion to which he referred happened about fourteen years ago. It seems that some of the timbers supporting the sides of the main passage near the shaft had fallen in, followed by a large quantity of earth and rock. This had liberated some explosive gas in the wall which ignited with some of the lights near and caused an explosion. Those who have witnessed an explosion describe the scene as being magnificently grand when the death-dealing flame, resplendent in all the colors of the rainbow, flashes about in the dark caverns of the mine. Mighty and terrible in its beauty the flame rushes along, hurling huge masses of earth from their places and touching some of the men with the touch of death in its course. The thundering noise of the explosion echoes through the mine, telling the men who are working at a distance that their dread foe is upon them. Throwing down their tools they rush for the shaft only in many cases to meet the poisonous after-damp, which invariably follows an explosion. After a time the air gets clear again, and when the searches come around they find the poor fellows stretched on the ground as if asleep—but it is the sleep of death. Over fifty men were killed at one explosion in the pit down which I went.

But now our journey was nearly over, and again I found myself in the cage ready to be drawn up the shaft. Upwards now—leaving the region of darkness behind us till at length the light of day penetrates into the cage, and in a moment more we are at the top. I step out of the cage, tired, bruised, and black as a negro with coal dust, yet happy and satisfied; for I had realized one of my wishes—I had seen the colliers at work and had penetrated the utmost recesses of the darksome mine.—S. H. Wheddow, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Unpleasant Courting Experience.

A young man named Dixon has just had an unpleasant courting experience in Innishowen, County Donegal, Ireland. His lady-love is not only very pretty but she is an heiress, her uncle having left her a fortune. Moreover she is partial to Dixon. The young man was calling on the girl one day when he heard the footsteps of a couple of rivals, and in sportive humor he concealed himself in the butter-box. While he was enjoying the conversation the girl's father came along with a pail of hot water to scald the box. Before the girl divined his purpose he dashed the water into the box. The howl of anguish that arose scared the old gentleman half to death and poor Dixon was found to be so badly scalded that he had to be moved to the hospital.

A Long Debate.

The longest uninterrupted debate on record was Aug. 1 brought to a close by the New Zealand house of representatives. It had caused a continuous sitting of seventy-six hours, entirely given up to the discussion of a representation bill. Yet the debate was not finished.

Cigarette Suppression.

The Women's Christian Temperance union of Oakland, Cal., has a "Cigarette Committee," the business of which is the suppression of the cigarette habit. A petition to the city council in favor of the prohibition of the sale of cigarettes was brought under debate at a recent meeting of the union.

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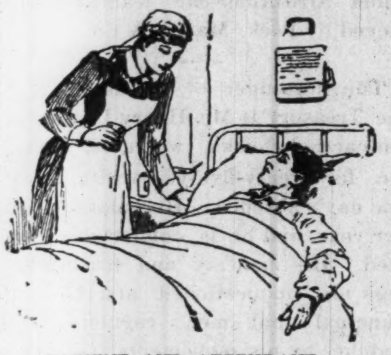
SOJOURN IN A HOSPITAL.

An Inside Glimpse of the Sawbones and Captivating Waiting Maids.

I never knew exactly how it happened—that accident of mine—but I do remember a swift ride in a smooth rolling vehicle, a sudden stop, and then I found myself lying on a table with a man of professional aspect bending over me and feeling of my bones to see if any of them still remained intact. There was a man there too, an official of some sort, who asked me a number of entirely unnecessary questions about my age, civil condition and residence, to which I replied in a weary and heedless fashion. Then it seems to me that I was carried somewhere, I neither knew nor cared where, placed on an elevator and taken somewhere else, and then at last I was in bed. I could not have been at home, because there was a very pretty young woman in a snow white cap bending over and asking me how I felt. I think I told her that I felt sleepy. At all events, I remember nothing more of what happened that night. When I awoke it was broad daylight, and I found myself in a great room, in which were a score or more of beds, each with an occupant. I realized then for the first time that I was in a hospital ward, and then I began to wonder how I got there. I did not wonder long, because my head was still aching and heavy, so I put aside the problem for future consideration and, besides, at this moment, the same pretty young woman in the snow white cap was bearing down on me from the other end of the long room, and was by all odds the most pleasing object within my range of vision.

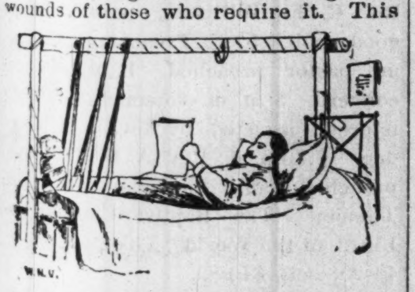
She came again to my bedside, smiled upon me with winning sweetness, and asked how I felt. In return I asked her who she was, and she told me that she was a trained nurse and that I was then in Ward I, of the New York Hospital, to which I had been brought the night before from the scene of my accident. Then she asked me if I would like some breakfast. I said that I would, and she went off to get it.



PATIENT AND ATTENDANT.

That was the beginning of my hospital experience, and for fully a month I remained an inmate of Ward I, waiting for my wounds to heal, and slowly recovering from the effects of my fall. I had heard a great deal about hospital life, and the sufferings endured by patients, and had often wondered how it would seem to live in a room with twenty or thirty wounded and dying peoply lying about one. I had always determined that if misfortune ever brought me within the walls of a hospital, I would secure for myself the luxury of a private room. It might do for bricklayers and mechanics to lie in an ordinary ward with their fellows, but I was confident that I was too delicately constituted to put up with such promiscuous company. By the time I had been there a week, I had got rid of that idea, as well as a good many others concerning hospital life. I found out, too, that a patent is by no means badly off in a well-appointed, well conducted hospital like the one to which I had been taken. Indeed there are a great many people who derive benefit in more ways than one from the regular life, simple food and freedom from excitement which constitute part of the treatment.

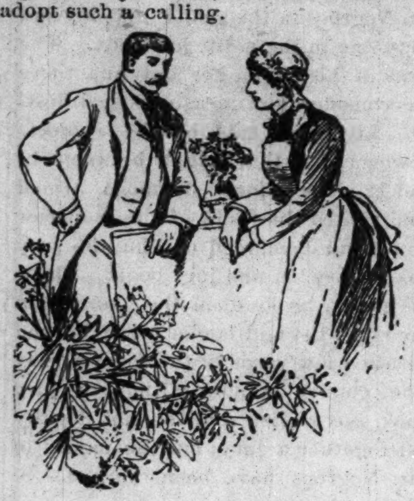
We used to awake at what was to me an unheard of hour in the morning, and at six o'clock breakfast was served. The meal was carried on trays to those who were not able to leave their beds, and then the convalescent patients filed into the next room and eat their breakfast around a big table, after the manner of civilized human beings. The first time I laughed since my arrival was when my eyes fell upon the melancholy procession of the halt, the maimed and the blind hobbling in, some on crutches, others with a cane, and others with an arm in a sling, to the morning meal. After breakfast, the nurses made the round of the ward, made the beds, placing on each a snow white coverlid, which was always removed at night, and dressing the wounds of those who require it. This duty completed, a number of bandages were given to the patients to roll, a task which occupied about an hour, and which I, for my part, heartily enjoyed, as it was the only regular duty that I had to perform. About ten o'clock the house surgeon appeared, accompanied by one or two assistants, and made a tour of the ward, stopping at each bed, and often examining wounds or fractures. The first time I saw these sawbones enter, I shuddered, for I thought they were going to perform some operation; but my neighbor in the adjoining bed had relieved me by telling me that all operations were performed in the theatre upstairs.



SUPPORT FOR A BROKEN LEG.

At eleven o'clock visitors began to arrive, and from that hour until six in the evening there were always two or three or more to be seen talking to their friends. The next event on the day's programme was dinner, which was served at twelve o'clock, and consisted of soup, meat, vegetables and bread, with sometimes a simple desert. At three o'clock the surgeons made their second round, this time in company with the head surgeon of the hospital. Supper was served at six, and by eight o'clock the lights were turned down, the patients tucked away in bed and we went to sleep.

It was a surprise to me to find so many educated and refined women acting as nurses. I asked the night nurse, the same one who bent over me on the night of my arrival, how she came to adopt such a calling.



DOCTOR AND NURSE.

"Because I like it," she replied. "I would much rather do this than teach school or run a typewriter. Besides, I can make more money in this way than in any other and the work is very fascinating. I get interested in every case in the ward, and although the hours are very long, from six to six, I am so busy that time flies very rapidly. After I have completed the course in the training school, I shall be able to earn from twenty-five to thirty dollars a week with my board by going out as a trained nurse to take care of patients in private families.

There is another advantage which nurses enjoy, but which my informant did not mention. That is, their calling gives them exceptional opportunities for making an impression on wealthy and susceptible patients and also on the handsome and agreeable young doctors on the house staff.

I have known several cases in which pretty and well-bred nurses contracted advantageous matches with men whom they had nursed through illness. At such a time, as I know by experience, a soft voice and a gentle hand will accomplish wonders with a susceptible patient.

Inferior Arms of Our Soldiers.

The question of arms is a live one in Europe, where fighting may be expected any time; but we, the very warlike and extremely unmilitary sovereign people of the United States, can afford to view it with indifference. We know that we have millions of fighting men ready to spring to arms at their country's call. The arms they would spring to may not be of the best, but the men are splendid. We have Springfield rifles for a few thousand of the millions and have provided by the law of the land, in force in the year of grace, 1889, that each man of all the rest shall have a good musket or firelock, two spare flints, a sufficient bayonet," and other warlike gear, except in the case of officers, each of whom must have "a spontoon and a sword or hanger," as he may elect. Our criterion of military excellence is very different from that of Europe. There it is the capability of men to get into position to shoot, and to shoot straight and quick; here it is the prettiness with which soldiers, under police escort, can march up the main street of a great town. We consider it the part of wisdom to prepare for more peace in time of peace, but should a foreign foe suddenly attack us, the pulse of the patriot would thrill at the spectacle presented by our armies springing to their arms and marching down Broadway under the protection of the Broadway Squad—each man of the rank and file bravely bearing along his firelock, his two spare flints and his sufficient bayonet, and every officer gallantly brandishing his hanger and flourishing his spontoon, while the cowering and cowardly enemy were pitching two thousand pounder shell among them from a safe position off Coney Island.—Lieutenant W. W. Kimball, in Scribner's Magazine.

Mountain Pines.

See, on the mountain top afar,
  Those lofty pinnacles that reach
So near to heaven that a star
  Burns like a taper bright in each.

There, changeless all the seasons through,
  That green cathedral lifts its spires,
The first to catch the morning dew,
  The last to hold the sunset fires.

Within its aisles no sound is heard
  While Summer's service decks the nave;
Its altar knows no priest; no bird
  Sings from the emerald architrave.

But when, wrapt in her shrowd of snow,
  Beneath the roof lies earth asleep,
A mournful music, measured, slow,
  Wakes in the summit of yon steep.

That solemn dirge of Winter brings
  The heart to ponder thoughts divine;
It is God's harper strikes the strings
  Stretched on the forest harp of pine!
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Big Bell.

The workmen at McShane's bell foundry, Baltimore, are making elaborate preparations for casting "Lord Baltimore," the new fire-alarm bell which is to succeed "Big Sam" on the city hall. The new monster will weigh 7,500 pounds, will be 10 feet in diameter by 4 feet 10 inches in height, and will have a tone between B flat and A of the violin. The metal is, approximately, 79 parts of copper to 21 parts of tin. The McShanes have cast a bell 2,500 pounds heavier than the "Lord Baltimore."

Who They Were.

Mrs. Winks (at dinner in great hotel)—"Who are these men at that table in the corner?"

Mr. Winks.—"Don't know. What are they talking about?"

"Base-ball, horse-races, prize-fights, and so on."

"Oh, they are probably city officials."—New York Weekly.

THE FATE OF TWO BROTHERS.

Both Perish in Heroic Attempts to Rescue Each Other.

Several years ago in the western part of Snyder county a large gang of men were raising a barn. A number of them were pushing up a heavy piece of timber (vertically) to be placed horizontally along where the eaves would be. When the one end was about half way above the height of the eaves the object was to swing it into position. Albion Deutler, weighing 200 pounds, was standing at the end of the barn on the upper log. When the timber was almost ready to be swung into position the scaffolding upon which the men at the lower end stood gave way, and every thing being wet and slippery from a recent rain, the upper end slid around and struck Albion. He being very quick, caught at the moving piece of timber which soon fastened itself as a temporary cross-beam.

Albion was suspended from the log by his arms eight feet from the barn and twenty-five feet from the ground. He was so disabled from the jar that he could neither get into the barn nor hold himself long. On the ground near by his brother Harry and another man were working. Seeing Albion in this predicament they ran to his assistance and wanted to catch him. "Go away and let me die if I must; you shall not risk your life for mine," said he to his brother. "All right," responded Harry, and at the same time he motioned to his companion to assist him in catching Albion.

Not over two feet behind Harry was a newly-dug well, thirty-five feet deep. He looked into this, fully realizing his dangerous situation, and then turned his eyes toward Albion. The latter, not being able to hold himself any longer, began his descent. "I must, I must save him," said Harry earnestly. His heroism was at the expense of his own life, for the momentum of the falling boby was too much for them to check. The sweeping descent of Albion knocked both men on their backs and hurled Harry head first into the well.

Albion in his descent broke one of his arms and two of his ribs. After looking about him and realizing the situation he quickly fastened one end of a long rope to a tree near by and the other end he dropped down the well, down which he began his descent with one arm, while the pains of his bruised and mutilated body were almost unendurable. Notwithstanding the pain, he descended the rope to the surface of the water, which was eight feet deep. He plunged in to rescue his brother, but, alas! was unable to swim, and, having lost his hold on the rope, Harry, while struggling for life, pulled him under.

Before the men above could be of any real assistance Harry died. Albion did not live over fifteen minutes after he reached the surface of the earth.—Philadelphia Press.

Holly-Hocks.

Holly-hocks are coming in style again. Years ago when pansies were known only as Johnny-jump-ups, and fuchsias and geraniums were all imported from foreign lands and cost two dollars a smell, holly-hocks were the pride of every garden, and held sway along with the peony and the cabbage rose. But the inexorable decrees of fashion ordered them all on to the back seat, and there they have sat and patiently bided their time like the plain skirted dress, until the fickle world has gone through the dizzy program of fancy varieties in flowers and in attire, and now they find themselves trotted out, the dust of years shaken out of their garments, and they given a prominent position in the flower garden. They have been doubled up and colored up by the manipulations of the florist, until people wonder why their beauties were never discovered before. This is a fickle world, and that's what relieves the monotony, and makes business. The holly-hock should make good use of its time, for next year sombody of wealth and influence will discover new beauty in the dadelion or sunflower, and the holly-hock will be laid on the shelf again, and be numbered with the great and ever increasing "chestnut" family.—Danvsille Breeze.

The Writing Telephone.

A company is being formed in St. Louis, to introduce the writing telephone machines. It is proposed to operate them on the telephone system, having a central office connecting with all private or public instruments. If a business man wants to hold a conversation with a customer or friend, he pulls a little lever, which rings a bell at the central office. He then writes down on his plate the number he desires, the connection is made, and he proceeds to write down his message, which is immediately reproduced in the same handwriting at the other end. If the party the message is addressed to is in he answers in the same way, and the conversation can be carried on indefinitely. The questions and answers being all in writing, they can be filed away for future reference. When the party called up is not in the message is ready for him on his return to the office. By the use of this machine a man in New York can affix to a check, say in Washington, his own signature.—Ex.

A Costly Gun.

The 110-ton gun at Shoeburyness is stated to have cost £15,000 and the carriage with its various mechanical devices for handling it, £11,000, a total of £26,000. Each time it is fired it is calculated that, including wear and tear, the explosion costs £600, and experienced gunners assert that 100 rounds is the limit of its capacity. Its range is fourteen miles.

One Way of Identifying It.

Colored Attendant—Hi! dar, Mistah, whaf-for you smashin' all de gemmen's hats?"

Young Oats (very unsteady)—I'm (hic) lookin' fer my (hic) hat. It's a crush hat. When find (hic) one that crush right, that's my hat.—Texas Siftings.

SCALED LIKE A SNAKE.

A Policeman's Strange Malady Caused by an Australian Serpent's Bite.

Policeman Edward Dawson of the Fourth district today visited the zoological garden, says a Philadelphia letter, not to see the animals but to seek medical advice. On Officer Dawson's hand, between the second and third fingers, is a little open wound no larger than a pin-head that has remained so since 1866, when he was bitten by a black-snake in Australia. He wanted to find out whether the keepers of the zoo had any particular specifiic for the bite of a snake, and told a remarkable story.

Dawson passed his boyhood in Berwick township, Gibb's Land, province of Victoria. When a boy of 15 years playing in the bush he was bitten. He ran home and his mother sucked the wound to extract the venom. His father, who was a high police official, sent for Prof. Halford of the Melbourne hospital, who injected ammonia into the lad's wrist, and no ill effects immediately followed from the bite.

But for years Dawson has suffered from the most perplexing malady, which he can not but attribute to the snake's bite. As soon as spring weather comes on the palms of his hands develop a scaly eruption which looks like the under part of a snake's body, and a like trouble appears in streaks on the legs below the knees and on the feet. The very puncture in the wrist where Prof. Halford injected the ammonia always shows a dark circle around it. The eruption is very painful and Policeman Dawson has difficulty in gripping his club when it is necessary to have it ready in the discharge of his duty.

Dawson has consulted eminent physicians in this country and Australia and has even traveled to India to see if native knowledge of venomous serpents could find a remedy for his case. He says that he has spent more than he ever made in trying to get cured. He asked Head Keeper Byrne to show him the snakes, and among the collection he found one that he said was of the same species as the one which bit him. The snake he picked out is called the Indigo snake and comes from South America. It is about seven feet long, and being a new arrival at the Zoo little has been learned of its habits and nature. Dawson showed Keeper Byrne the swelling of his hands and the snake-like palms of his hands.

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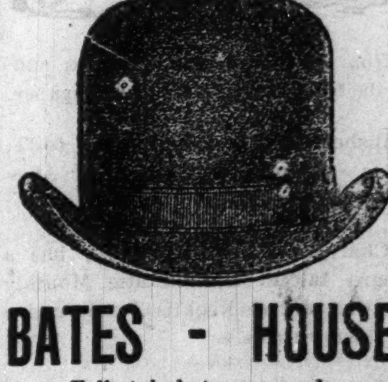

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WANTED.

We want a first-class agent for The Freeman in every city and town not already taken and we will allow a liberal commission for the same. Young men and women will find this work pleasant as well as profitable. Address this office for further particulars.

THE outrages in the South continue and the government at Washington still lives.

Do not wait to be notified a dozen times that your subscription has expired, but send it in at once.

THE Afro-American League now seems a near possibility. Encourage it and orgrnize one in every bailiwick.

WE do not want essays nor news of a purely local character. A good many well written compositions of this nature are sent us, and we can neither return nor use them.

HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS it is said took not only his white wife, but a young white girl with him to Hayti as one of his secretaries. Mr. Douglass does some very queer things.

The Negoo problem is the American problem and the American people must help to solve it. The Negro is tolerant and unprejudiced. Can as much be said of the white people? The Negro is willing to treat a man according to his merits or demerits. Can as much be said of the white man?

HON. JOHN M. LANGSTON takes a manly stand in refusing to stump the State of Virginia in the interests of Mahone. The colored men of that State, we learn, are almost a unit for Mahone, and we hope they will live long enough to see the error of their way. Mahone is for Mahone, that's all.

WE reproduce in this issue of The Freeman the portraits of Hon. John M. Langston and editor T. Thos. Fortune, of The New York Age. Mr. Fortune is the originator of the Afro-American League idea, and Mr. Langston has been proposed as the one to take the lead in making a call and organizing it. We shall have more to say of it in our next issue.

THE Freeman, of Indianapolis, by far the ablest and most progressive Negro paper of the continent, (excepting the Methodist Union, of course.) presented in its last issue a very striking and suggestive cut of a Negro giant asleep, who is being attacked fore and aft by white outlaws, one of which has secured a step ladder by which he is to get on top of the Negro. "What er rumblin' dars gwine ter be when dat Nigger wakes up!"—Methodist Union, Ga.

WONDERS will never cease. While a large number of colored people are holding meetings and denouncing the outrages against the race South, a few colored men are working in an entirely different direction and may accomplish some good. It's a new remedy at least, We spoke of a new colored Democratic newspaper published in Chattanooga, Tenn., last week, and now comes a meeting of the Negro Democrats of the State of Tennessee, and here are the resolutions passed by them:

Whereas, The Republican leaders of the North are misrepresenting the two races or the South by making incendiary speeches wholly uncalled for, and which do more to widen the breach between the races than anything else; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this committee state to the colored people of this country that the thing that will do the Negroes of the South and the North more good than anything else is a division of the Negro vote; be it further

Resolved, That the educated and business Negroes here are doing better, two to one, than those of the North, and that the wealth of the Southern Negroes is due to the chance given them by the whites; be it further

Resolved, That the best thing that the Southern Negro can do is to cease his war policy upon his white neighbors.

There is a "mint of wisdom" in these resolutions. and they are full of truth and good sense. Just so long as the colored people South look to the politicians of the far North for advice and succor, just so long will there be "friction" between the races South. A Negro Democratic convention in every Southern State will do more towards bringing about peace and harmony than a thousand Republican meetings North denouncing the South.

THE LEAGUE.

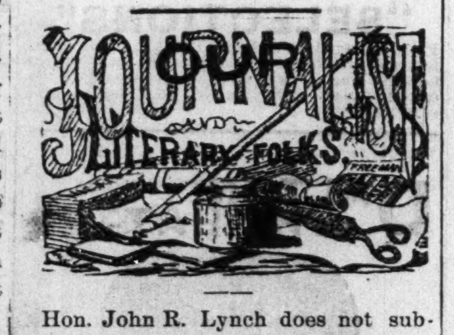
We endorse heartily the suggestion of The Age as to the National League as being decidedly the most practical, and the one more in harmony with the law of growth and development. Let there be local leagues established—say at Washington, Richmond, Atlanta, Petersburg, as there have been at the places indicated by The Age. Then at a time to be named—we suggest January 1, 1890, let one or more representatives from these meet at some agreed on place and elect the officers for the national organization. These representative if they have the proper spirit, will select those best fitted for the work.

At first the national organization would be small, but it would increase and become more important as the years roll by. A national league is the result of work; it cannot be legislated into existence and endowed with life by any national convention. That was tried years ago by as representative men as any we now possess. The history of all organizations is about the same in the spread and growth to great proportions from small beginnings. The need of the National League is most urgent, but it can not because of this fact, at once be made to take upon form everywhere needed.

We believe in the League to-day as we have for years. We believe its work to be imperative, but having wasted so many years in inaction and drifting instead of steering we must pay the penalty by finding ourselves brought face to face with the fact that we are not now prepared for work demanding immediate attention, and that we must suffer until we can get in proper condition.—People's Advocate.

THE question of the emigration of the Negro from the South is being widely discussed, and a large number of representative colored men favor it. While we do not favor a wholesale exodus, still we believe that colored men as a rule should go whenever and wherever their condition will be bettered, and that without let or hindrance. The South however is the natural home of the Negro and it is here that he will remain in large numbers, and thrive in spite of opposition and oppression,

THE article on the Press-Lynch matter, which we reprint in another column, is so pertinent and pointed that we publish the portrait of the writer, H. C. Smith, editor of the Cleveland Gazette, one of the best colored newspapers in the country. Mr. Smith writes as one who knows, and we believe he voices the sentiment of the entire colored press.

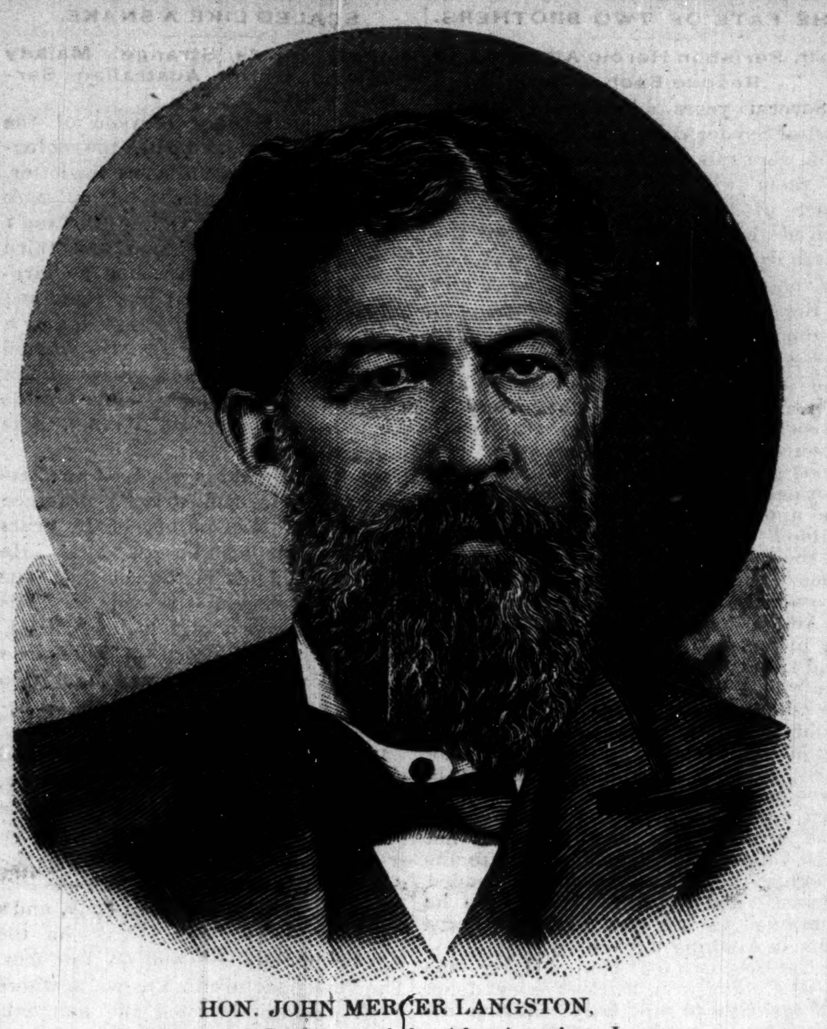


Hon. John R. Lynch does not subscribe for a single colored newspaper.

Bishop Tanner has written to T. Thos. Fortune indorsing the Afro-American League.

Charles W. Chesnut, Esq., has a Negro tale in the Atlantic Monthly entitled "Dave's Neckliss," a narrative of slavery times.

J. J. Thomas, who wrote a book in answer to Mr. Froud's book on the West Indies, entitled "Froudacity," which is now in its second edition. died recently in England.



HON. JOHN MERCER LANGSTON,
The Proposed President of the Afro-American League.

The Afro-American Budget is before us. It is a neatly arranged and very creditable magazine. published by J. S. Woods, at Evanston, Ill.

Prof. W. S. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University, has been invited to prepare for Frank Leslies' Illustated Weekly a paper on the "Dangers of Negro Oppression" in the South.

Miss Gibbs, daughter of Judge Gibbs, of Little Rock, Ark., and the first colored graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music gave an entertainment in Louisville, Ky., last week.

The "Banner of Reform" is the name of a new campaign sheet just issued in Baltimore, Md. Messrs. J. W, Adams, Jr., and Jas. N. Smith are the editors and proprietors. Success to them.

D. D. Dickson, of Baltimore, a delegate to the last Republican National Convention, and whose cut appeared in a recent issue of The Freeman, has been appointed a storekeeper under the Collector of Internal Revenue.

Since the advent of Mr. A. H. Grimke as a regular contributor to The Beacon, one of Boston's best society papers, it is encouraging to see the advertisements of J. H. Lewis, U. A. Ridley, Jr., Thos. S. Calvin and Mr. Blunt in its columns. These men while having a shrewd eye to business, show liberality in their support of a journal that opens a chance for a colored man.—New York Age.

Bishop A, Grant, of Texas, lectured in Fort Worth last week at Allen Temple. His subject was, "What will you do with that black boy." He discussed the Negro in every conceivable phase of his existence as a race, and the deduction was that there is no Negro problem to be solved if the Constitution of these United States be true. He pressed with great vigor on the question of the race acquiring education and wealth.

It becomes our painful duty to announce that the Free Speech and Headlight, one of our most sprightly exchanges came out last week without a single thing in it about Chicago, Milwaukee and the Lake.—The Christian Soldier.

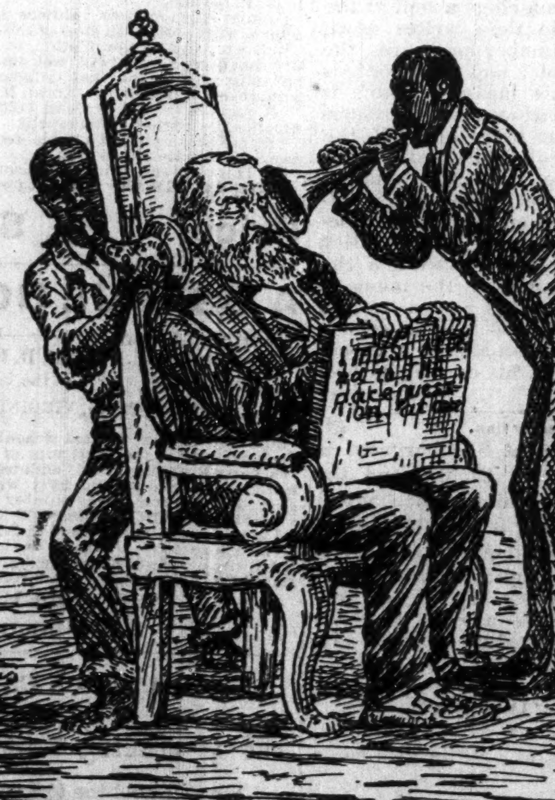
Do not become jealous Bro. Wilkins because the staff of our contemporary was royally entertained in the lake cities.

THE DRIFT OF
SENTIMENT

THE COLOR QUESTION.

We have some problems peculiar to ourselves. Twenty-five years ago four millions of slaves received American citizenship. The Nation owes them a debt of gratitude. During all the horrors of our civil war they were the protectors of Southern women and children Knowing the failure of their masters would be the guarantee of their freedom, there was not one act that master or slave might wish to blot. We ought not, and God will not forget it. To-day there are eight millions. They are here to stay. They will not be disfranchised. Through them Africa can be redeemed. They ought to be our fellow citizens in the Kingdom of God. In a great crisis of missions the Holy Ghost sent Philip on a long journey to preach Christ to one man of Ethiopia. The same blessed Spirit of God calls us in the love of Christ to carry the Gospel in the Church to the millions of colored citizens of the United States.

Brethren, the time is short. Since our last Council nine of our noblest Bishops have died. Since I was consecrated fifty-four bishops have entered into the rest of the people of God. It is eventide. A little more work, a few more toils and prayers, and we who have lived and loved and worked together shall have a harvest home in heaven.—Bishop Whipple, in his sermon opening the Episcopal Convention in New York, October 2.



THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE ASLEEP.

DON'T WANT NEGRO JURIES.

Georgia is determined to keep the Negro out of the jury box. In answer to the petition of colored citizens of Dodge county, in which the Negroes outnumber the whites, the Jury Commissioners put, recently, the names of ten Negroes in the grand jury box and forty-one in the petit jury box. The news of this action got out and there was considerable uneasiness manifested. Little was said on the subject, however, but that night between 11 and 12 o'clock forty or more armed men visited the Clerk of the Superior Court and demanded of him the jury boxes, jury list and jury book. These they took, broke open the boxes, and the slips, list and books were burned within a few yards of the court house. The county is now without a jury book, box or list, and can not legally get together a jury; but the names of the Negroes have been burned.—S. W. C. Advocate.

Mr. Wiley Jones, of this city, the enterprising colored capitalist, has given $500 to beautify the grounds of the Colored Industrial Institute.—Pine Bluff, Ark., Hornet.

Let me see, I believe it was Dan Seales, of this city, who gave one of our wealthiest white churches $500, when each of our own needed every dollar it could beg. How much better it would have been for all concerned had Seales given the $500 to our four or five struggling churches can be easily surmised. We commend Wiley Jones' action. He is a credit to the race.—Gazette.

We are at a loss to know why our people, especially when they give entertainments, show such a little appreciation of the proprietors and staff of colored journals, They expect them to report their proceedings, but more or less neglect or refuse to extend them proper courtesies. Members of the white press gain admission and every hospitality is extended them, while the representative of our journals are compelled to "pay as they go."

A SPLENDID SHOWING.

A Colored Salesman in One of The Leading Carpet Houses in the City.

It is with pardonable pride that we call attention to the advertisement of W. H. Roll's Mammoth Carpet House, and to the fact that it gives regular employment to a colored salesman—Mr. Fort Bazel. We had occasion to visit this store recently, and imagine our surprise when Mr. Bazel began to enumerate the churches and private houses which he has furnished for the colored people of this city. Mr. Bazel spoke encouragingly of the patronage which the colored people are giving the store and feels that they appreciate the recognition given him by Mr. Roll. Mr. Bazel is too well known in this city to require introduction. For four years he was with Davis & Cole, the well known carpet dealers, and when that firm dissolved he went to Louisville, Ky., where he became head salesman for his father the firm name of Wm. Bazel & Sons. He has been at W. H. Roll & Co.'s two years, and Mr. Roll does not hesitate in complimenting him in the highest terms. The following churches, offices and private residences have been furnished by W. H. Roll & Co., and sold by Mr. Bazel:

Dr. Wesley Robbins, No. 65 Indiana avenue.
Ed Simmons, 539 East Seventh st.
Rev. Morris Lewis, No. 502 North California st.
Henry Moore, No, 73 Howard st.
Allen Simms. No. 200 Agnes st.
Frank Beckwith, No. 54 Beeler st.
Isaac Johnson, No. 64 Indiana ave.
Henry Hart, No. 649 North Tennessee st.
Jacob Porter, No. 394 North California st.
Jeff Porter, N. West st.
Wm. Parks, No. 37½ Fair Building, S. Ills. st.
Richard W. Thompson, No. 62 Howard st.
New Bethel Baptist Church.
Corinthian Baptist Church.
Bethel A. M. E. Church.
A. Tyler. 297 Bright st.
Dr. S. A. Elbert, No, 356 North Illinois st.
Robt. Brown. No, 660 North Missisrsppi st.
John Puryear, No. 50 Camp st.
Edward Jones, No. 33 Ellen st.
James Wells. No. 73 Howard st.
Beech & Gardner, barber shop, So. Meridian st.
Gardner & Wheeler. barber shop, So. Meridian st.
Cyrus Allen, No. 372 W. Second st.

RACE
GLEANINGS
JWC

Afro-Americans of Washington own some of the best real estate in the District. Last week one of them sold a small piece of land for $65,000.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed Robert Harlan, of Ohio, to be an inspector of customs, with a salary of $4 per day and expenses.

The only Afro-American on the Republican State ticket of Mississippi is W. H. Mollison, who was nomina for Secretary of State. He is hi educated and very wealthy.

Miss Florence Pate is clerking in C. Snow's dry goods store, Cleveland, O. Mr. Snow has a large patronage from our people and shows sagacity in placing a young colored lady in his establishment.

The Negroes in Bibb county, Ala., have refused to work on account of wrong treatment from the hands of the whites. The white families are unable to obtain cooks, washer women and laborers on the farms.

Over three hundred men were thrown out of work in New York last Monday by a strike ordered by the Bricklayers' Union. The Union wished to compel the discharge of four non-union Afro-American teamsters employed by Peck, Martin & Co.

The messenger of the Register of the Treasury is Mr. Henry Logan, who has carried checks, warrants, bonds, etc., for twenty-five years with hardly one day's absence. His salary is $720 per year, and he is comfortably situated. His honesty and trustworthiness are unquestioned and he is so punctual that men regulate their watches by his movements.

The Baltimore American says there are two hundred and fifty colored lawyers in the United States, some of them with practices worth from $1,000 to $3,500 per annum, and that Baltimore has five of them, more than any other city. Not so; Chicago has up to date nine persons who claim to be practicing law.—Western Appeal.

THE INDIANAPOLIS BAPTIST MINISTER'S MEETING.

The meeting was held with the Second Baptist Church, Oct. 14, 1889, at 11 a. m., with Rev. C. F. Williams as Moderator.

Members present: Revs. C. F. Williams, R J. Jenkins, E. B. Martin, J. R. Raynor, C. C. Wilson, F. H. Hayden, A. C. Chichon, G. W. Teeters,

REPORTS.

Corinthian Baptist Church. Rev. E. B. Martin, pastor. S. S. 63; coll. $1.53. Preaching 11 a. m., Rev. D. S. Slaughter. 7:30 p, m., pastor preached. Collection $23.35.

Tabernacle Baptist Church, Rev. C. C. Wilson, pastor. S. S. 40; coll. Preaching 11. a. m., Rev. A. C. Chichon preached. Theme: "A remorse of conscience." Text: Luke xv, 18, 19. 3 p. m., communion administered, assisted by Rev, R. J. Jenkins. 7:30 p. m. pastor preached. Collection $23.63.

South Calvary Baptist Church. Rev. C. F. Williams, pastor. S. S. good; coll, 59c. Preaching. 11 a. m., pastor preached. Baptized one convert. 3. p. m. communion administered, assisted by Rev. I. H. Hayden. 7:30 p, m. Rev A. C. Chichon, preached an impressive sermon. Theme: "The Baptist Church, the Light of the World." Text: Matt. v. 13-20; coll. $10.89.

Garfield Baptist Church, Rev. J. R. Raynor, pastor. S. S. 20; coll. 25c. Preaching. 7:30 p. m. Pastor preached. Coll. $1.50.

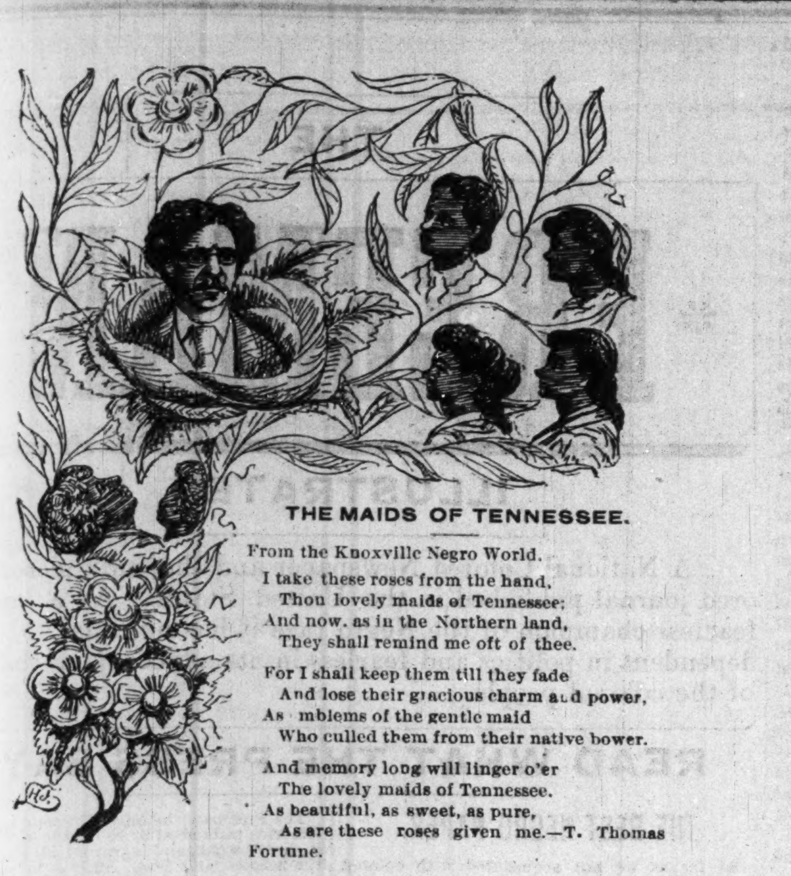
Benediction by Rev, C. F. Williams.

A. C. CHICHON, Sec.

NOTES,

The condition of the colored people South, and other topics were discussed, after reporting the work done on the Lord's day. The brethren agreed that something must be done to arrest the atrocities committed upon the Negroes South.

Rev. J. W. Carr, pastor Second Baptist church left for the Cowboy State on a vacation trip accompanied by our much beloved ex-missionary to Africa. Rev. W. W. Colley, May God be with them till we greet them again.



THE MAIDS OF TENNESSEE.

From the Knoxville Negro World.

I take these roses from the hand,
Thou lovely maids of Tennessee;
And now, as in the Northern land,
They shall remind me oft of thee.

For I shall keep them till they fade
And lose their gracious charm and power,
As emblems of the gentle maid
Who culled them from their native bower.

And memory long will linger o'er
The lovely maids of Tennessee.
As beautiful, as sweet, as pure,
As are these roses given me.—T. Thomas Fortune.

THE PRESS-LYNCH.

Editor Smith Writes a Sensible and Vigorous Letter—Colored Journalists and Politicians compared.

Elsewhere in this paper will be found an alleged interview with Fourth Auditor John R. Lynch, originally published in the editorial columns of the Washington Bee; questions toughing upon the race press submitted to him by I. G. Penn, of Virginia; Mr. Lynch's answers and a letter from him to the editor of The Gazette, relative to the alleged interview, the Penn questions and "a rather seedy and dilapidated" man who gave his name as Davis, all of which is of special interest to the press as well as to the public at this time. The alleged interview is such rot, such a jumble of inconsistencies, untruth and impossibilities, evidencing such a lack of common sense, as well as a lack of the commonest kind of knowledge of journalism, we could not believe that Mr. Lynch, or any intelligent man in his right mind, gave utterance to it. That is why we wrote him.

Relative to Mr. Lynch's answers to the Penn questions: Just why he was asked to give an opinion or to answer the questions propounded does not appeared at the first thought. Nor is it made clear after mature thought. Mr. Lynch shows by the answers given, that he is not capable of answering well the questions asked because he has had little or no practical experience in the business, Beyond contributing (political ambition caused this) toward the establishment of (white) newspapers in Mississippi he has had absolutely no interest in journalism and makes no claim of having even more than an ordinary interest in the race press. Every one of our journalists knows by bitter experience what this "ordinary interest" amounts to. Then Mr. Lynch is not a scholar, not even a college graduate, and you know they always begin "at the bottom of the ladder" in newspaper offices. Unfitted by both practical experience and education, he is not the man to whom Mr. Penn or any other intelligent person should propound such questions. Mr. Lynch can, with as much consistency, send a series of questions relative to his conduct of the Fourth Auditor's office to Mr. Penn, and expect correct answers. This would be showing better judgment than our Virginia friend evidenced, to say the least. However, the first two of the Auditor's answers are good, as far as they go, but are not full enough. The third is in a very small measure true. His first cause is a very good one and the second a very, very poor one. The fact is, a great majority of the race newspapers, are weeklies, are superior and more national in every respect than the (white) weeklies published in the country, and as good if not better than a majority of the weeklies published in cities except those that are adjuncts of daily newspapers. His daily newspaper scheme is impracticable because a daily is at best a local affair. There are but a few exceptions in the vast army of publications controlled by the whites, notwithstanding their superiority in numbers, their great "capital," wonderful "brains, integrity and principles." His scheme for a daily is an impossibility at this time for the very reason assigned in the first "cause" in his answer to Penn's question No. 3. viz: "the poverty and illiteracy prevailing among the black," and he might have added, the failure to do their duty of those members of the race who are not illiterate and poor, especially those who have been enabled to suck the tit of the public treasury, lo! these many years, because of their connection (in many instances a very slight connection to) with the race. and because of the unflinching support of the race newspapers, not one of which has ever received the support it merited, Mr. Lynch to the contrary notwithstanding. There is not one race newspaper published to-day that is "unimportant." The Afro-American journalist has not the means, time nor inclination, to publish "unimportant local papers." Mr. Lynch knows more of politics than journalism and we advise him and all the rest who are similarly situated to stick to their business more closely, giving race journals more substantials support and less gratuitous advice? and it will be the better for all concerned. Wonder how many race papers he subscribes for?

There is still another interesting portion of the Lynch correspondence. Who is Davis? Can the Bee enlighten us? There is entirely too much that is not honorable done at the National Capital by a class of scalawags who claim connection with our journals, and we owe it to the race and to the profession to exercise greater care in the future in the selection of Wash-Washington representatives. It can not be that Mr. Lynch struck the well-known correspondent, Jonn E. Bruce, when he used an expression Editor Timothy Thomas Forture published in the Freeman (deceased), just after meeting Mr. Bruce many months ago. Fortune said that Bruce was a rather "seedy and dilapidated looking individual," and now comes Lynch with the same description for his caller, "Davis," which was doubtless a fictitious name. The fact that J. E. Bruce is doing editorial work on the Bee, that the alleged interview first appeared in the editorial department of that paper, and that Fortune's description of Bruce-Grit and Lynch's of "Davis" tally, tends to pin matters pretty close to the genial Bruce. But all this is easily cleared away with the simple assertion that he wouldn't "strike" Lynch for ten dollars. Mr. Bruce is a gentleman, we honestly believe, even if Fortune did say he wore "baggy" clothes and looked "seedy," etc. In conclusion The Gazette can truthfully state that there are more "brains," integrity and principles" possessed by the colored journalists of this country to-day, than all our politicians of a national reputation, since the days of slavery, can boast of.

THE BALTIMORE LETTER.

Colored Representation in City Republican Convention—Colored Student Refused in Baltimore Medical Schools—Brotherhood of Liberty—Colored Teachers in Colored Public Schools.

Baltimore Special to The Freeman.

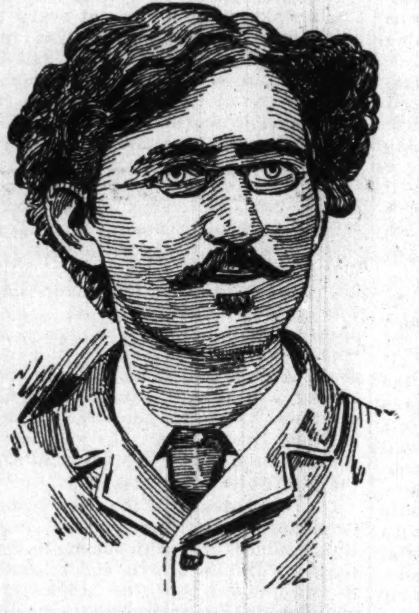
The City Republican Convention met at Concordia Opera House on Thursday evening, and from many standpoints the most harmonious and representative gathering that has assembled among Republicans in this city.

The prominent part which colored men took in the proceedings of this Convention is a convincing evidence of the due regard and consideration which white Republicans have been compelled to pay to the strength and force of the colored vote. The first speech of the Convention was made by Lawyer Harry S. Cummings, a young colored member of the Baltimore bar who nominated Jos. M. Cushing, Esq., for temporary chairman. Jno. H. Smith, colored, was made temporary and afterward permanent Secretary of the Convention J. H. Butler, colored, seconded the nomination of Major Shaw for Mayor. and Isaac Myers nominated D. A, Bryson for City Surveyor, and besides this there were many colored delegates on the Convention.

This is the beginning of a better political future for colored people in the municipal politics at Baltimore, and their representation will be more lasting and substantial when their voting strength is used for its full value,

An unmistakable display of catering to a senseless, ignorant and despicable prejudice, has just come to light in this city by the refusal of several medical schools to admit as a student Mr. Jas. O. Credit, a native born Baltimorean, a graduate at Lincoln University, a bright and prominent young man. Mr. Credit was refused not because he failed to comply with any of the requirements for admission, but because he is colored, and the additional but senseless reason to use the language of the Dean of the Medical Department of the Universty of Maryland. "It is inexpedient to admit colored students to the school of medicine."

This inexpedience is doubtless based on the fear and dread which the faculties of these schools have that there will be an uprising among the students and that the interests of the schools will be jeopardized. This reason was urged at first by the faculty of the Law Department of Maryland University, before colored students were allowed there, but like men of courage they soon abandoned this unreasonable position. Colored students were admitted, there was no uprising among their white fellow students, and the record of these colored students who first knocked at their doors and their graduation from the University reflected much credit upon the institution as well as the students, and the courageous stand made by that faculty is still the subject of commendation and praise by white as well as colored people. Let the medical faculty but imitate this example and they shall command and receive the respect and approbation of a liberal minded public. To turn a young and aspiring student away from his home, his friends and the scenes of his earlier training, to seek accommodations for the gratification of a laudable ambition is a gross disgrace to men who lay claim to intellgence.



T. THOMAS FORTUNE,
Founder of the Afro-American League.

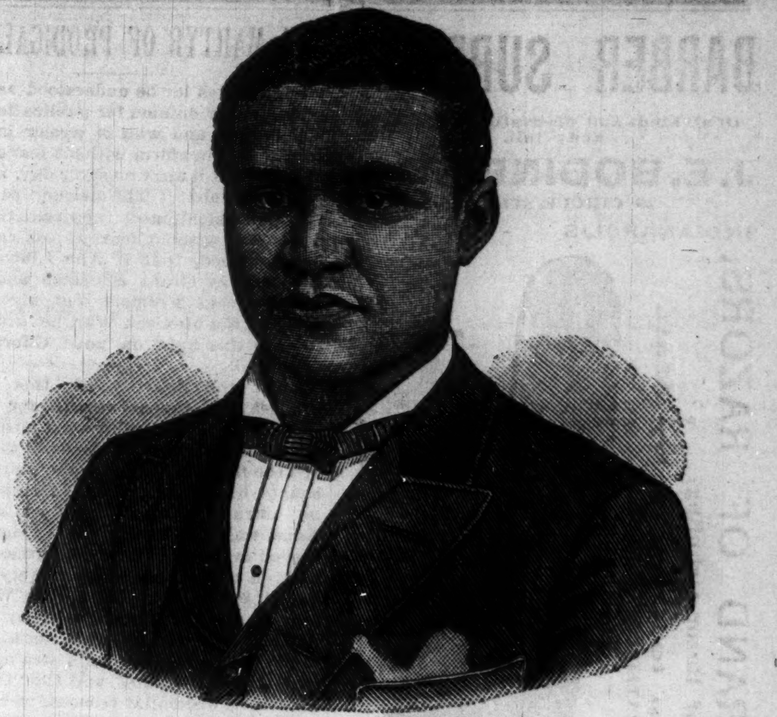
The Brotherhood at Liberty, an organization started in Baltimore some time since is one worthy of much encourgagement and support. Its object when first organized was to have repealed some of those unrighteous and discriminating laws which blemished the statutes of our State, and which were bad law because unreasonable. This organization has been eminently successful in its work, and nearly all of these "black laws" have been repealed. The organization yet lives and uses its influence and support in the behalf of persons who may require aid in the protection of their rights in the courts of justice.

The beginning of the school year marked an interesting feature in history of the colored people to have instructors of color in their public schools has been agitated by our leading colored citizens, and this agitation has just reached its full fruition. A law has been passed by the City Council requiring colored teachers to be placed in public schools established after the passage of the law. One school has been established, and according to the law colored teachers have been placed in it. The school is full of pupils and many have been turned away because of the crowded condition of the school. The teachers are competent and are an honor to their race.

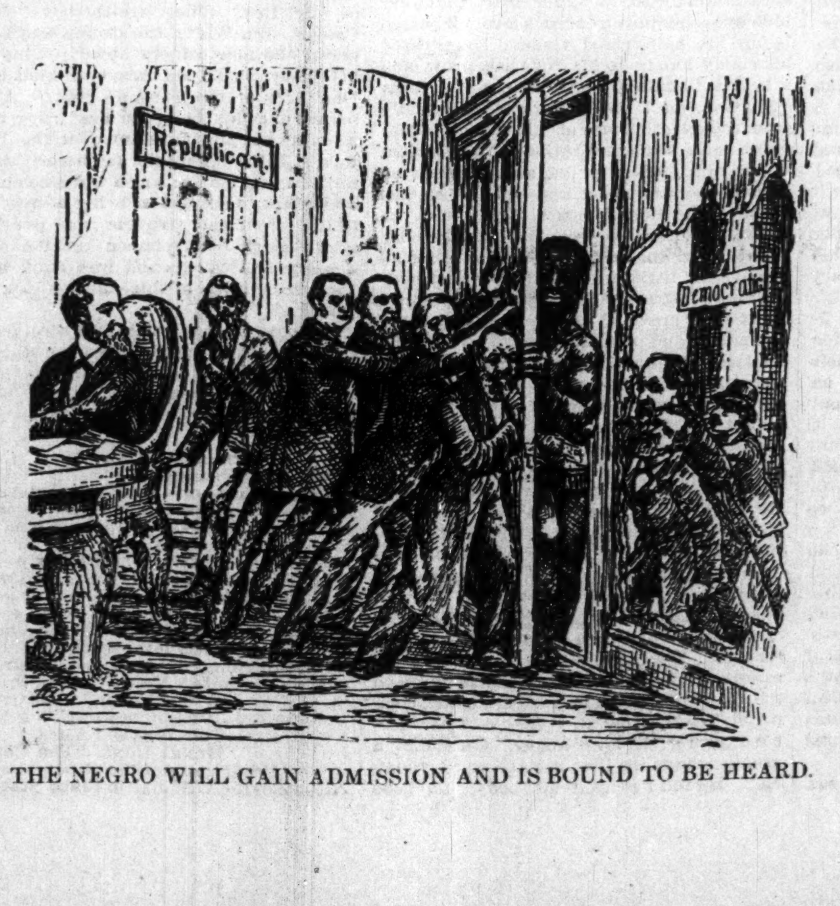
Dr. Wm. T. Carr, Jr., read a paper before the Monumental Literary Association on Tuesday last. Subject, "The Disseminators of Disease." The subject was treated in an able and scholarly manner, and displayed the doctor's knowledge of his subject, and disability to treat it in a polished and entertaining manner. Dr. Carr has now a host of friends since his settlement in our midst and his practice is gradually increasing among the best colored people in the city.

The lovers of music of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington had a rich and rare treat at the Metropolitan church in Washington on Monday evening. The occasion was one long to be remembered, and it brought together the leading colored singers of these several cities. Baltimore was represented by the choirs of Madison St. Presbyterian and Bethel A. M. E. churches, and these musical organizations represented their city in a highly creditable manner. The church was crowded and the large audience will be pleased with the excellent feast of music.

The Freeman on sale at Keene's, Saratoga and Courtland Sts., Brooks, Mott and Sterling Sts., Gibbs, East St., Johnson's, Jefferson and Carolina Sts.



H. C. SMITH,
Editor and Proprietor of the Cleveland Gazette.



THE NEGRO WILL GAIN ADMISSION AND IS BOUND TO BE HEARD.

REFORM IS NEEDED.

In the Colored Schools of Birmingham --- Colored Letter Carriers Again --- Pungent Paragraphs --- Wise and Otherwise.

Birmingham, Ala., Special to The Freeman.

The colored citizens of this city ought to establish an independent school for the education of colored children, if no better arrangement is made than that in operation. The schools that are provided in the city for colored children are so crowded that the children recite only one lesson a day.

On the first of October four colored mail carriers were appointed. It is rumored that two were asked to resign, and one resigned on account of overtaxation of work.

Some of our so-called leading politicians who have worked their schemes on us in the past will find that they will be laid on the shelf in the future to remain until judgment. The Negroes say that they will vote in the future for men that recognize them. No other need apply.

How strange! As soon as the colored mail carriers learn their routes they are changed to a new one. Some of the colored mail carriers say they did not intend to stay on the force; they simply accepted because it was offered to them. What credit is it to the race to keep good working men out, and sustain the Age-Herald in its outrages on the Negro?

Senator Pugh said, in his speech in the opera-house in this city prior to the national election, that if the Democrats were successful they would have a white man's government, but thanks be to him that gave us the victory, they were not successful, and the government will be run in the interest of the people, regardless of race, color or previous condition.

Each scholar in the white city school is furnished with a blank to make out their report monthly, showing how they advance. Wonder how many more years before the colored children will receive that attention due them.

The Freeman can be found at Roebuck & Diffey's barber shop every Saturday between the 19th and 20th. They have the finest set of workmen of any colored shop in the city. Call and see them.

Birmingham has a fine drug store owned by colored men, and one firm in the watch-making and jewelry business.

Dagoes and Chinese are getting to be very numerous in this city.

Master Frank Johnson left on the 6th for Fisk University.

Mr. Jesse Claxton is one of Birmingham's most enterprising colored men. He is a big contractor and builder. He has erected some very fine buildings in the city. Among them are the First National Bank of this city and the A. M. E. Church, the First Baptist Church and many others. He owns some property that is valued at about $8,000.

W. M. Robinson is one of the wealthiest colored men in the city. He is the proprietor of one of the finest bar-rooms in the city, and owns a large amount of property.

Rev. J. M. Goodloe, pastor of St. John's A. M. E. Church, is preparing to attend the annual conference of his church.

A colored man in this city that has several small children said a short time ago, when asked to subscribe for The Freeman, that he had no one at home to read it, and that he did not intend to spend another cent to educate his children. Wonder how many more men are doing like him---outliving their time. We trust that all of his kind are where he will soon be.

The Freeman has the widest circulation of any colored newspaper in the city. Yours for the race, Brother in Black.

LOCAL NEWS.

Bethel Literary organized last Monday evening.

Mr. Chas. H. Lanier, left for Washington, D. C., last Thursday.

Trade with the stores whose advertisements you see in The Freeman.

There will be some new colored material added to the fire department.

Don't fail to visit the House Keeper's bargain store, No. 20 W. Wash. St.

Mr. Andy Quinn, a member of the Brotherhood Band was married last of this week to Miss (we forget her name.)

Miss Emma Polite, bookkeeper at The Freeman sanctum has been indisposed this week.

The lecture delivered by Rev. J. H. Clay to Bethel Literary last Monday night was a masterpiece.

A social club will be organized in this city and a meeting has been called for next Tuesday evening at Smother's Parlors on Ind. Ave.

Mr. Henry Baptist has the contract for the building of an elegant block on Illinois street, near Ohio. His entire force is composed of colored men.

Messrs. A. E. Manning and J. T. V. Hill, are hustling for the west market, now held by that genial fellow Richard W. Wells. Mr. Wells has made a good officer and should serve his full term.

The colored people should give Rink's cloak store a wide berth. He employed a young colored lady as salesman and because some of the "white trash" at $3 per week objected he dismissed her.

The "Pass the Age Dramatic Co.," of this city, after a successful tour of Western Indiana and Eastern Illinois returned this week and gave one grand entertainment at English Opera House, last Monday evening. This company—author and all, is composed entirely of hoosier talent, and we are proud of the success which has attended their efforts.

Miss Rebecca E. Elliott, of Cincinnati, O., who has been in this city for the past few weeks, is to say the least, a very extraordinary woman. She has made a study of the hair, the skin and the scalp, and her preparations for the hair and its culture is a success. She is now visiting the leading cities of the country, introducing her remedies and giving treatment in person. Her work must be seen to be appreciated.

Mr. Benjamin T. Thornton, the detective has just returned from Denver, Colo., where he went to get a white fugitive. Mr. Thornton shadowed his man a distance of several thousand miles, located him, secured papers for his arrest and return and had him here in a fortnight. His experience in securing a lodging place in Denver, and the reception given him by the Denver officers, is prima facie evidence that color caste flourishes in the great west, and that the fools are not all dead.

The following squib appeared in the last issue of The Freeman and does Mr. G. L. Knox a great injustice:

"Prof. Knox "fired" one of his barbers because he worked and voted for Swift. This is little work for the professor."

Mr. Knox "fired" no one and is justly indignant at the publication. While he is a staunch Republican, he accords to his employes the same rights which he claims for himself. It matters not to him how his men vote, just so they attend to his business satisfactorily.

HIS CONSTITUENTS KICKING.

Hon. John R. Lynch, the colored leader, has at last grown to be better than his constituents. He has declared against colored newspapers, to commence with, and heaven alone knows what will be next.—Meridian Fair Play.

The backers of Jem Smith and Peter Jackson have arranged a match in London for £1,000. They are to fight ten rounds, Police Gazette rules.

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J. E. BODINE & CO.

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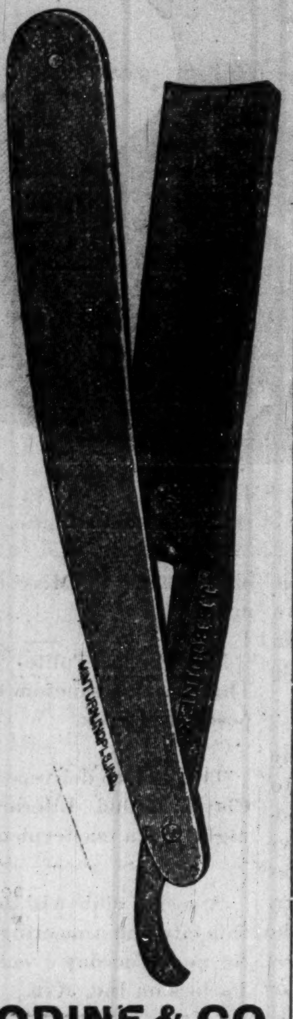
WE CARRY EVERY BRAND OF RAZORS.
We make a Specialty of Razor Grinding.
Prompt Aettntion Given to Orders by Mail.
SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.



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C. W. ANDERSON, (The Bounder,) Elocutionist and Dramatic Reader, last season with J. M. Hill's "Union Square Theatre Co." **Open for Engagement**, for summer season and season of 1889-90.

Full repoirtoire of new and beautiful selections—including the **latest Parisian Success:—LA CHAPELAIN** a monologue by M Jaques Normond. Recited by Coquelin. Adapted; freely Englished and used by Mr. Anderson through permission of M. Normond.

COACHING AND DRAMATIC INSTRUCTION GIVEN.

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Howard University,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Fall term of this well-known institution will open on September 18, when such students will be received to its industrial, normal, preparatory and college departments as shall be found sufficiently advanced in their studies.

The theological, medical and law departments open on Oct. 1st.

Tuition free except in Medical and Law Departments.

No distinction of race or sex. Those who desire a genuine Higher Education will find here peculiar advantages.

Students competent to enter the College course will receive special aid, if necessary.

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3m J. B. JOHNSON, Secretary.

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Reclining Chair Car Cincinnati to Decatur, Ills., Springfield, Ills. and Keokuk, Iowa, Daily.

For full information, Tickets, Sleeping Car space, etc., inquire of or address
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JOHN BASTABLE, Dist. Pass'r Agent, Toledo, O
W. H. WHITTLESEY, Cent. Pass'r Agt., Dayton, O
H. J. RHEIN, Nor. Pass'r Agent, Detroit, Mich
WM. A. WIGGINS, So. Pass'r Agt., Chat'ga, Tenn
J. G. MASON, City Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O
Or, General Passenger Agent's Office, No. 200 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
C. C. WAITE, V. P. & Gen'l Manager. CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, Gen'l Pass & Tkt Agt

THE MARTYR OF PRODIGAL MINE.

I don't wish ter be understood as ter expressing any opinion for publication as ter who is right and who is wrong in this er war, but I kin affirm without fear of contradiction, that it ain't no sixty-day, nor a one-year job, Sabe!" The speaker paused for the afore-mentioned "contradiction." "I might add without fear of contradiction," he continued, that if Abe Lincoln trusts sich men as Grant, Sherman and Butler, and overlooks Fremont and my old comrades of the Mexican War, he kin prepare to carry this fight on until Gabriel blows his horn."

After the delivery of this weighty prophesy, the Colonel reached for a match, lighted it and his well-colored meerschaum, and sent forth a cloud of smoke that wrapped the five occupants of the rough board shanty in semi-obscurity. The speaker, as he affirmed, expected no contradiction. None was proffered The "Cripple" proceeded to drowsily place the greasy euchre deck on the bottom of an empty cracker barrel for a "solitaire." Sam White, the only man in camp who went by his true name, continued to wind with the wire taken from an old broom, a strained shovel handle. The "Count" and the "Prodigal," for widely dissimilar reasons, were stretched at full length on opposite bunks, presumably listening to the Colonel's mendacious criticism of the way the war was being conducted, and the American Government in general administered.

Of the two last named occupants of the cabin, the Prodigal was seemingly the best listener. He never grew restless. He maintained the most respectful silence during the longest harangue, calmly gazing at the speaker with wide-open dreamy eyes. He seldom interrupted, but if perchance he did, it was with some remark that was so foreign to the subject matter in hand, that it fairly took the speaker's breath away. The Colonel feared the interruptions, and was consequently always more or less hurried in his arguments.

The Prodigal did not mean to be discourteous, but his thoughts were far away. He was home-sick, and had been so since the day he struck California, five years before, in '56. Unlike his companions, he had a home to be sick for. Not only did he have a home, but what appealed more powerfully to the hearts of the miners, he had a "gal." A girl that he wrote to and who answered his letter, which letter about made up the epistolary matter of the office at Snake Fork. The Prodigal, like every gold-hunter in those balmy days, had expected to become rich in a few months. Many a time had he planned how he would return home with his wealth and placate the scruples of his sweetheart's parents with rich gifts and a large bank account. But fortune had proven a fickle goddess. He had worked early and late, gone through all the ups and downs of a miner's nomadic life. Luck had not been with him. At home on the old farm he had been taught that there was no such thing as luck, but he had since learned by bitter experience that truisms are local, not general, and that luck was the real molten image before which the miner sacrificed his burnt offerings. Perhaps it was because of his neglect to the California god that he at no time since his advent, had been possessed of more than enough to barely pay his passage back to Vermont.

It was the oftime repeated story of his leaving home to go in search of a fortune in strange lands, and of the anxious parents awaiting his return, that had suggested to the Cripple the name of the Prodigal for the quondam farm boy. The other members of the camp did not understand this appellation until the Cripple, who was a Methodist minister's son, repeated to them the Lord's sad parable of the prodigal son, which recital so deeply impressed them that the Prodigal, invested in the new title, in some measure took upon himself the personality of the original, and was ever after considered an object of pity. Though the Colonel often said to the Count as he would look up from his work and see the Prodigal seated on a rock, his eyes filled with a far away look: "If that 'er boy only knew what his dad had awaiting for him! Think o' ut, Count, a whole fattened beef."

The story, by frequent repetition, got so twisted that in the eyes of the miners he became the real prodigal, and his story was often told at the grocery on Snake Fork as a veritable fact. "Why, sir," Sq. Doolittle, postmaster and merchant, would say, raising on his toes in his earnestness; "why, sir, this yere same Prodigal, arter whom the mine on Bellevue Fork war named, had ter live with the hogs and eat cactus. Right in this free country. Fact, sir." The Prodigal took all of these stories seriously, and began to believe them himself. At least he never took the trouble to dispute them. Only at times, when the boys were puncturing him with questions as to his past life, he would wander away from the camp and up the gradually sloping Little Mountain, to a great bowlder, whose immensity made it a marked object for miles around. Here they would find him, seated under its shade, his eyes turned away down the valley of the Sacramento. Here he would sit for hours, oblivious to all else save his own thoughts. The squirrels learned that they had nothing to fear from the intruder, and whould whisk merrily past, bearing nuts to their winter *cache*. Two brilliant humming-birds flew close to his head in quest of the sweets of the syringa that grew in the crevice of the rocks. In the sky above piping flame-colored orioles circled undisturbed by the drooping figure below. The breeze that cooled his heated face was laden with the aroma of the flowers in the gulch beneath. All nature seemed to extend a soothing hand. The Cripple once asked him what he was doing up there all alone, and he answered so innocently that it stopped the jeer on his lips: "Talking with Annie." So ever after when he was missing the boys would say: "Off talking with Annie." The rough natures of the miners respected this sentiment, and Annie became the tutelary Goddess of the camp.

Whenever they would speculate in the illusions of hope, however they might differ as to the best methods of disbursing their expected wealth, they agreed perfectly on one score, namely: to give to the Prodigal and Annie a rousing wedding. "We kin do it jest as well as not," the Colonel said one Sunday afternoon, as he stood carefully propped up against a bowlder, contemplating with wide-open, dreaming eyes a pool of tobacco juice a few feet in front of him. "What's a few thousand more nor less," he went on with a magnificent wave of his badly soiled hand, "when that 'ere placer is reeking with dust!" Whereupon, with a sigh and a parting salvo of juice squirted with mathematical accuracy into the placid depths of the pool, he picked up his pick, cast a benevolent glance on the unconscious object of his remarks and resumed the motions which out of politeness were denominated work.

The Prodigal Mine was about played out not worked out, for it was still rich in possibilities. The present proprietor had taken it up two years before. They "had never made out of it anything but Chinamen's wages," as the Colonel often sneeringly remarked. They would have abandoned the mine long before but sacrificing their pride. Their last claim, two miles down the run, had been sold for a song to a company of "tenderfeet," and greatly to their astonishment had panned out big. So the proprietors of the Prodigal had stuck out of "sheer cussedness." In two years they had gone through all the epochs of a miner's life. By days they had been millionaires—hopeful; had seen the bottom of their pockets and the bottom of the pork-barrel; had lost heart, and had put in a farwell blast more than a dozen times. For the last two days they had done nothing. The Colonel was on a strike. Even Jim White, the controling spirit of the camp, could not keep him at work. The Count, who originally had been styled "No-count," cut down for every day use, to Count, did not have the nerve to join boldly in a strike, but instead complained of a lame leg, which he kept carefully wrapt in a canvas shot-bag, and which lameness he accented by a spasmodic limp whenever the thought occurred to him.

As work ceased the Prodigal became uneasy. He would spend hours up on Little Mountain, or wander aimlessly about the slucices. He could not entertain the thought of breaking camp. While he never asserted himself, or even took part in the discussions, the pleading look in his babyish blue eyes told only too plainly what his feelings were.

On this particular afternoon it was raining—a cold, drizzling rain. For that reason the Colonel had listeners, even if they were unwilling ones, to his mendacious war stories. The rigors of winter were giving place to a greenness of verdure that in any other country would herald spring. But in California it stood for no such happy denouement. The month of January had given place to February. The snow under the spell of the midday sun had slipped away down the many canyons, and had left behind the harsh, abraded lines of a landscape that was as yet barely covered by the tender grass. The misty glimpse of this picture through the dirty 2x3 window, the chilling dampness of the weather, the lowness of the larder, all conspired to depress the spirits of the five. Even Jim White found himself acquiescing in the clamorous wishes of the Count and Colonel. The Cripple said he didn't care a ——, and went on with his game. The Prodigal alone stood uncommitted by speech. The mine had been named in his honor, and was the basis of all his hopes. Around it were gathered the brightest dreams of his life. For two long years he had worked unceasingly. With every "clean-up" he had expected that the next would send him home to Annie. His faith had never lagged. His silent determination had kept up the spirits of the others. Life was a serious matter with him; he never laughed; he seldom smiled, and paradoxical as it may seem he never blasphemed, but on one occasion, and that was one afternoon when the Count came running and shouting into the shanty with a panfull of black sand and iron pyrites, the Prodigal took one look at the shining specks, jumped into the air, knocked both feet together and screamed: "Married, by God!" although the Colonel afterward remarked, in discussing the matter with Jim White, that it sounded more like a prayer than an oath.

So on account of his paramount interest the final decision as to breaking up was left to him. The Colonel ceased his monologue, and turned to the Prodigal. "Shall we vamose the ranch, old man?" The Cripple threw up his cards with a disgusted air. Jim White let the shovel slide from his knees. All eyes were turned upon the Prodigal. He glanced uneasily from one to another, blushed, picked up his hat and left the camp. "Gone to talk with Annie," said the Colonel, with a shrug of his shoulders, and all lapsed into a despondent silence. Two houre passed. The Count with a badly affected limp, put over the coffee-pot, with the remark, "That's the last of it." Jim White went to the door and looked out. "Raining yet; some one ought to look up the Prodigal." Another hour passed. The Cripple knocked the ashes from his pipe, took his hat and started across the cheerless gulch and up the mountain.

When the Prodigal left the cabin, his life seemed to have gone out from him. The talk of throwing up the claim on the one hand had benumed him; enfeebled him. On the other, it had awakened him from a dream that had lasted uninterrupted for two years. Never for a moment had he doubted of ultimate success. Not a partial success, but one grand and overwhelming—one that would give him Annie and home. As he ascended the mountains side, perhaps, for the last time, his thoughts became incoherent, flighty. They went back to Vermont. He knew it was winter there with all its rigor. He knew the snow lay deep on the rugged hills and narrow valleys of his New England state. He could see the low, old farm house, the ram-shackle barns, the straw stack, the crumbling fences, all alike, made beautiful by their mantle of white. He pictured his father, his younger brothers and sisters happy around the glowing arch-fire. A little later he knew he would be remembered in their evening prayers. Then he thought of Annie; of their childhood days of unalloyed companionship and innocent love. Her sweet girlish figure; her timid delicate face; her great confiding blue eyes; her pure generous love, all passed before his half-crazed vision. He pressed his clamy hands to his feverish brow, and a half articulated sentence escaped him: "My God, am I going crazy?" Gradually from the chaotic mass of his thoughts and hopes came a full realization of the problem before him. With a loving, almost caressing glance, he gazed about him—on the ragged seams of the gulch beneath, filled with its wild sonorous music—on the freshly born foliage, drooping under its burdens of moisture—on the little cabin far below, just visible in the last shimering rays of the sun—up at snow-crowned serrated folds of the Nevada's, and then he looked above him for the great moss-covered bowlder, under whose shade he had spent so many hours communing with his loved ones. His eye sought the familiar spot, but found no bowlder. He looked farther up. It was gone. But where? He took a step. He paused. A gaping chasm was at his feet. He dropped on his knees, regardless of the pools of water that had collected in the fissures of the rocks. Far below he could distinguish a vast mass of debris. He realized what had happened. The bowlder stood but a few rods back, and above the canyon in whose bed they had been vainly washing for gold. The sapping action of winter's rains and its own great weight had loosened the gravelly slope, causing a landslide, completely obliterating all traces of their feeble efforts in the river below. Unbidden, a groan came to his lips, and the word "busted." He fell flat upon his body, his head hanging over the precipice. An hour passed The rain beat down on him unnoticed. It helped to still the heightened beating of his temples. Consciousness slowly returned. His eyes opened. Gleams of light seemed to flash before them. Bright star-shaped points claimed their attention. A vein of yellowish dirt ran along the clean surface of the bed rock. He put out his hand and picked up a pebble that shone yellow in the fading light. It was a nugget of virgin gold. With it tightly clasped in his hardened palm hand he fainted. The knowledge that the great end wished for was attained; that after having allowed all his hopes to collapse he had reached the goal of his ambitions, and that all things were now possible was too much for his weakened intellect.

Thus the Cripple found him two hours later. The Cripple, whose title was one of those fictitious misnomers indulged in in California at that time, took the poor wasted form on his broad shoulders and bore him to the camp. All thoughts of breaking up were at once forgotten. Willing hands stripped the clothing from him. The Colonel, in endeavoring to take off the right arm of his shirt, discovered the nugget. He gave one look and ran shouting and jumping about the cabin: "Gold, boys, gold. The Prodigal has struck it. Didn't I allus say he was a lucky cuss? I never gave up for one moment. Didn't I say I felt it in my bones all along? Hurrah!" This exhibition of mendacity passed unchallenged. The nugget was certainly gold. The Cripple explained where he had found the Prodigal. A hurried explanation showed that the main bar had been washed out and loosened the great bowlder above the gulch, which in its descent had smashed the rim rock and exposed the glistening gold in the old river bed seventy feet above where they had been tunnelling. The excitement of that night was intense. With visions of untold wealth on one hand, and the Prodigal at death's door on the other, the men spent a night that was remembered to the longest day they lived. Just at daybreak Jim White awoke the Count with a kick and sent him off to the Snake's Ford for a doctor. The Prodigal remained unconscious. There was not a particle of color in his face, and it took the united efforts of the three to keep him warm. Then he went into a delirious fever; he reared and fought with the desperation of a maniac, By the time the doctor arrived the Colonel dropped on the bed completely exhausted.

For two weeks the Prodigal recognized no one. A Chinese nurse was imported. The young physician staid by him night and day. The first day of the sickness Jim White took him one side and said in a voice husky with emotion: "Doc, you stand by us. Bring the lad around and your fortune is made. Why, he can't die. Damn it, man he is rich, and has got to go home and marry Annie."

The Prodigal Mine was a success. New placers were discovered along the entire length of the gulch. In a few weeks the whole place was transformed. A town sprang up. Miners flocked to the gulch. Claim stakes could be seen at every available point. A gambling hall was opened. A half dozen bars were soon in full blast. License ran riot. Law was unknown. Only one restriction was imposed on the ungovernable spirits of Prodigal. This, the one law on the unwritten statutes of the town, was set forth by Jim White in a speech before the "Little Innocent Saloon." "In conclusion, gentlemen," he said, "let me add, the man after whom this claim is named, and who discovered the placer that has made this town what it is, lies at the point of death in yonder shanty." The speaker's voice trembled. "He may never get well, but while he lives he is going to have the best these ere diggings can give. Around that shanty I want absolute silence, and the man that don't take off his cap when he passes that ere door, his got to fight Jim White." A rousing cheer wound up the speech, and all went to drink the health of the Prodigal.

The rude chivalry of the town exhausted itself in its attention on the Prodigal. Rough miners vied with one another in sitting up with him, and the shanty was transformed into a bit of the tropics by the abundance of flowers brought in every morning by even the roughest frequenter of "The Little Innocent." Yet skill and nursing had no effect. The spark of life had been gradually dimmed by five years of toil, hardships and brooding. He lingered two months. One morning just as the first sounds of life were heard in the new town, the Prodigal awoke from his long sleep. A look of intelligence came into his big blue eyes, as they rested on the great manly face of the Cripple. The young doctor placed his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, but the sick man heeded it not. He put out his thin emaciated hand and grasped the strong palm of his watcher. "Old man, I have been sick." The Cripple nodded. "I have not long to live." A sob escaped the lips of the Cripple. "Don't feel so, old man; was the claim a success?" He continued going back to the day he became unconscious. The Cripple nodded again, and placed his finger on his lips. A smile lit up the sufferer's mouth. "We are rick then; thank God. Cripple give me your hand again. When I die, bury me here on top of Little Mountain where I can look down into the valley of the Sacramento and talk—with—A-n-n-i-e." He paused from sheer exhaustion. The doctor gave him a strengthening cordial. "Write A-n-n-i-e, Cripple, and tell her I died with her name on my lips. Where-are-the-boys?" The Colonel, Jim White, the Count, and a number of the new miners stood by his side. "Good-by, boys; you have been kind to me. Don't forget the P-r-o-d-i-g-a-l." A smile passed over his face; the first rays of the morning sun shown aslant over the barren tops of Little Mountain, and bathed the face of the dying man in a rich warm color. For an instant, it seemed to bring a new lease of life—then the struggle was over. His gentle spirit had spanned the mountains, desserts and valleys and was back among the green hills of his home—back with Annie.

A month later a letter was received in a little Vermont hamlet, bearing the postmark of an outlandish California mining town. With trembling fingers is was opened by a gray-haired old man. It ran as follows:

PRODIGAL, CAL., April 12, 1863.

MR. JOHN PEARCE.—

DEAR FRIEND:—Your son died April the tenth. We buried him here as he wished. He had the biggest funeral ever held in this town and was buried by a regular Elder. His last words were: "Tell Annie I died with her name on my lips." Enclosed, find draft on Miners' Bank, of Sacramento, for $40,000, to be divided between you and Annie. Tell Annie we all love her, and have named a new mine after her. If there is anything more we can do, we are your humble servants. Yours in sorrow,

WM. SPARROW, "The Cripple."
JIM WHITE,
COL. ICHABOD AMES,
HENRY LONG, "The Count."
Proprietors of the Prodigal Mine.

—Rounseville Wildman in Idaho Statesman.

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So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of the colored people is The Freeman of this city. No other paper is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed.—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illustrated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement.—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.

The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contemporaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same marke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shown that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newsyaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

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It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

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It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

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It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

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One year in advance	$2.40
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CHRISTIANS OF CRETE.

They Are as Cruel as the Masters Who Torture Them.

Indianapolis Journal.

There is now good reason to believe that one or two if not all the powers will interpose objections to Turkey's further oppression of the Cretans, and compel a sweeping change on the administration of public affairs in that unhappy island. This action will be taken ostensibly because a community of alleged Christians are being persecuted by the officials of a Mussulman government; but really this circumstance furnishes the least of the reason why the Turk is to be coerced into radically altering the methods by which the Porte has governed the turbulant people of Crete. The Cretan Christian differs from his Mussulman neighbor only in the fact that he is an adherent of the Greek Church, and not a follower of the Prophet. In all other respects the two are indentical. The Christian Cretan cries out against the cruelty of the Mussulman, but he is just as cruel, treacherous, dishonest, crafty, brutal and savage as the object of his aversin. He detests him because he is his master, though he would be equally tyrannical were the coditions reversed. It is true the people are taxed beyond the limit of their ability to pay, but this is also true of every people governed by the Sultan's minions, as well as the inhabitants of more than one Christian country. The people of Crete would be much better off, and, indeed, in no worse condition than those of many European countries, if they were not continually egged on to conflicts with the public officials by the authorities at Athens, whose unceasing efforts to foment strife in the adjacent territory of other monarchies are responsible for the slaughter of thousands of innocent men and women, who too blindly followed the council of a government powerless to protect even itself without the aid of powers whose rulers are bound by ties upon the shrunken throne of the Hellenes.

The protests and appeals of Greece in behalf of the "persecuted" Christians of Crete—themselves ready to essay the role of persecutor at the first opportunity—deceive nobody acquainted with the situation in the island, but they will probably have the effect to move some of the great powers, probably Germany, whose interest in Greece is enhanced by the approaching marriage of the Emperor's sister to the Crown Prince of Greece, to intimate to the Sultan that he would better modify the governmental routine of Crete in the direction of amelioration of the hardships to which the people are now subjected, and the warning will unquestionably be heeded.

How Sitting Bull Utilized the Telegraph.

Minneapolis Journal.

W. H. Mosher of Ypsilanti, Mich., is in the city. He was formerly in charge of a store at Standing Rock Agency, Dak.; and among his frequent visitors were Sitting Bull, Gall, Red Cloud, and others of the famous personages of the Sioux tribe. Mr. Mosher was this morning discussing Sitting Bull's claim to honors in the Custer fight.

"Sitting Bull has become famous as the hero of the Custer battle on the Indian side, but the fact is that he was not in the fight at all. I can understand Sioux well and speak it fairly. One night Sitting Bull and Gall met in my store and for over an hour discussed the details of the battle, and once or twice almost reached a fighting point. Gall was making an attack on Sitting Bull for attempting to steal his bravery.

"The fact is that Sitting Bull was the first Indian to reach a telegraph station with the news of the massacre, and he made the most of his opportunity. He pictured himself in the thickest of the fight, and had scalps with him to prove it, but they were all secured after the battle and not in it. Sitting Bull was not in the fight, but watched it from a bluff some distance off. At its close he rushed down and took three or four scalps and then rode away and painted himself a hero. At least this is what the Indians say. Gall was the actual leader, and is regarded as a very brave warrior. Sitting Bull was merely a medicine man, and had the reputation of being a coward."

Mr. Mosher has been on the agency for about three years. He went there soon after the Custer fight.

IN A NUTSHELL.

They're here!
When night has let her curtains down, with low and plaintive hum
Mosquitoes, thirsting for our blood, around our pillows come;
We watch, we wait with bated breath while strikes the midnight chime,
And hit our cheeks a stinging slap and miss 'em every time.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

A statement that the order of Foresters was the wealthiest friendly society in the world, possessing £3,821,163, is contradicted by another that the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows has a capital of £6,806,736.

John Boyle O'Reilly's "Plymouth Rock" poem, read at the dedication of the Pilgrim memorial on Thursday, began:

Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
Began the Kingdom, not of kings, but men:
Began the making of the world again."

She—"Uncle Chawles, which is the best to have, in your opinion, muscle or brains?" Uncle Charles—"I don't know. Of course, a collegiate education is a good thing for a young fellow, but when a man goes out into the world, I tell you, he needs brains."

Few people know the enormous number of passengers carried by the elevators of our large buildings. For instance, the elevators of the Produce Exchange carry an average of 24,000 a day, or nearly eight million a year. Is there another building in America where so many are handled?—N. Y. Sun.

The objection against making lead pencils out of paper, instead of wood, has been overcome. One of the difficulties has been the toughness of the paper covering and its consequent resistance to the action of a knife. By a new process the molecular cohesion of the paper is modified in such a manner that it can be cut as easily as cedar wood.

The latest use of photography is to make a cannon ball take a pictnre of its own wabblings. An arrangement something like a camera is to be placed in the forward end of the projectile, and when it is fired directly at the sun the light traces lines upon the plate, from the direction of which it can be told whether the projectile has kept in one position or has wavered to and fro in its flight.

The total original cost of the British war ships of all sorts at the last Spithead review, paraded for inspection of the Emperor, was £16,853,765. The number of ships present was seventy-three; of torpedo boats thirty-eight. The weight of metal contained in the heavy guns was 8,000 tons. The tonnage was approximately 360,000 tons. Five hundred and sixty-nine heavy guns, irrespective of quick firers and machine guns, composed the armament.

The Swami, of Southern India, have always been greatly celebrated for their skill as jewellers, but the forms and figures usually made have been of a character that was inadmissable in Western society. A Parsee gentleman, having obtained the appointment of Indian jeweller to the Queen of England, obtained sufficient influence among the Swami to induce them to abandon their old style, and the result was a beautifully wrought casket for Princess Louise, of a workmanship comparatively unknown.

The folk lore of Southern Russia can be partially imagined from a case which came before a Judge of Odessa. A man applied for a writ to compel his daughter to leave the house, because when she saluted her parents she did not bow to them. He said that he would withdraw the application if she would ask pardon and make the regular obeisance. The girl agreed. She asked pardon; but when she bowed the father cried: "Lower. Down with your head! Down below the girdle!" She replied: "I won't bend as low as that, not if I have to leave the house." The Judge thereupon ordered her to leave, but she gave in finally and bowed her head to the girdle.

Since the Duke of Sutherland brought home his second wife, the women who before the first Duchess died was known as Mrs. Blair, his attempt to introduce her into local society is said not to be very successful. A letter describing it says: "At first the Duke tried to call upon a few of the sheep farmers and others, who imagine they are the upper crust of the social loaf. The process was disheartening. At one house the master was out smoking in the garden. The Duke was graciously received by the mistress, but as soon as he mentioned the 'Duchess,' the good woman arose, gathered her skirts about her, and with her nose high in the air, marched out of the room. Another lady, who has her quiver filled with daughters, informed her friends that she was going from home for a few days, as she did not wish to see the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland when they called. One stout lady says she [the Duchess] is no better than ourselves."

Persons who value good health will avoid all Baking Powders containing ammonia or alum. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is free from all noxious substances. It is like his Delicious Flavors, pure, efficient and economical.

IN A HUCKLEBERRY CAMP.

The Army That Gathers Each Year in the Hoosier Marshes.

Walkerton, Ind., Cor. Chicago Herald.

The huckleberry season is over in northern Indiana. The last picker has packed his basket and decamped, and now only a few rough board shanties and a lot of miscellaneous debris scattered through the woods which line the marshes are all that mark the site of what was a few weeks ago a city of nearly 1,000 inhabitants. Eighty miles southeast of Chicago, and five miles from Walkerton, Ind., are the huckleberry marshes from which this city and all tributary points draw their annual supplies. The berries have been growing at this point, year after year, since long prior to the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Half a century ago the Indians who fished and trapped in this region discovered the succulent little fruit, and the bushes yielded a bountiful harvest to the squaws who plucked the berries for the noble red man, who usually ate them without cream and sugar.

At present 1,300 acres of bottom land, which border on St. Joseph, Marshall and Stark counties, are covered with huckleberry bushes, which yield annually anywhere from 125,000 to 150,000 quarts of berries. This immense crop is gathered by an army of pickers, which begins to congregate the 1st of July. The season lasts on an average about six weeks, and during this time the woods which surround the marshes on all sides are transformed into live villages, of tents and shanties, in which the pickers live. Restaurants, dry goods stores and saloons are to be found on the main street of the temporary town.

A good picker can earn $2.50 a day, but few average over $1.50. Men, women, boys and girls are employed in this work, and the children often earn as much as their parents. Girls from the age of 15 and upward are usually the fastest pickers, their nimble fingers and lithe bodies forming just the combination necessary to facilitate work. The largest picking on record for one day's work was made several years ago by two Swedes, who, to decide a $10 bet, started at 6 o'clock one morning for an all-day job. Nelson, the winner, picked ninety-six quarts, his opponent having only two quarts less. The price paid was 10 cents per quart. This record has never been beaten. An expert will fasten the basket about his waist and pick with both hands; many of the old-timers do this, but the majority use but one hand and hold the basket in the other. At one time pails were used in the place of baskets, but the berries sweated so in the tins that the buyers ordered them discarded.

A band of brigands has been terrorizing Macedonia, which, upon final capture, was found to include several priests, a Greek Archimandrite, the superior of a monastery, and three "ladies."

Very Unbecoming.

Lovely tints in the wrong place are bereft of their charm. A lemon colored countenance—the peculiar endowment of our pig-tailed brethren who "hit the pipe"—is unbecoming. It suggests bile going astray, and the inference is correct. Pain beneath the ribs and and shoulder blades, constipation, dyspepsia, furred tongue and sick headaches supplement this indication of the bilious. For liver complaint and its multifarious symptoms, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an infallible specific. It relaxes the bowels sufficiently, but without griping or violence. To the secretion of bile it gives a due impulse, but banishes an excess of that saffron colored principle from the blood. Sick headaches, sourness of the breath and fur upon the tongue disappear when it is used. It renews digestion, fortifies the system against malaria, counteracts a rheumatic tendency, and remedies inaction of the kidneys.

There is now a "Dynamodermic Institute of Paris," whither the professors offer to smooth out wrinkles by "Electrolysis." The electricity revivifies the skin and makes it young again.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Proprs. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There is a report in England that Mrs. Langtry's beautiful complexion is the result of rubbing the cheeks with veal.

A Wonderful Flesh Producer.

This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it, and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists.

A projected canal across the upper part of Italy, connecting from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, would take six years to build and cost $125,000,000.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Switzerland has built 1,000 inns since tourists began to visit her.

A New Departure

from ordinary business methods is made by the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in guaranteeing this world famed remedy to cure all diseases arising from derangements of the liver or stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, billiousness or "liver complaint," or from impure blood, as boils, blotches, pimples, eruptions, scalp disease, saltrheum, scrofulous sores and swellings, and kindred ailments. Money paid for "Discovery" promptly returned, if, on fair trial, it don't cure.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

Carriage horses, only fairly matched, in Buenos Ayres bring $5,000 a pair.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1. Trial size free. At all druggists'.

Eiffel Tower shares are quoted on the Paris Bourse at 160, 100 being par.

Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so you know what material they make soap of. Dobbins' Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

There are 14,247 policemen in London, and 14,267 hacks.

Only One Bottle.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., August 23, 1889.
Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.:

GENTLEMEN: Having suffered severely for some time with rheumatism, so that I was unable to work, Messrs. Dreier & Bro. recommended Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. After taking *one* bottle I was entirely cured. I have recommended your remedies frequently to my friends with like results.

L. C. ZOLLINGER.

Ask your druggist for it.

We have personal knowledge that the above statement is correct.

DREIER & BRO., Druggists.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

Pains AND Aches
TRADE MARK
PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY Cured by St. Jacobs Oil. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS
BALTO. MD. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO.

Mistaken Meaning.

Mr. De Courcy (meeting Miss Hauteur after the summer season)—How do you do? I'm very glad to see you're back again.

Miss Hauteur (aside, mistaking his meaning)—Gracious goodness! Can it be that I have worn my ball dress down town by mistake.

She Returned Everything.

Omaha World.

First Omahan—And did she return your love?

Second Omahan—She did even better than that? She returned the ring I gave her, and all the letters I had written.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

Old smokers prefer "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar to most 10 centers.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Ore.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,
☞ Mention this paper. Springfield, Mass.

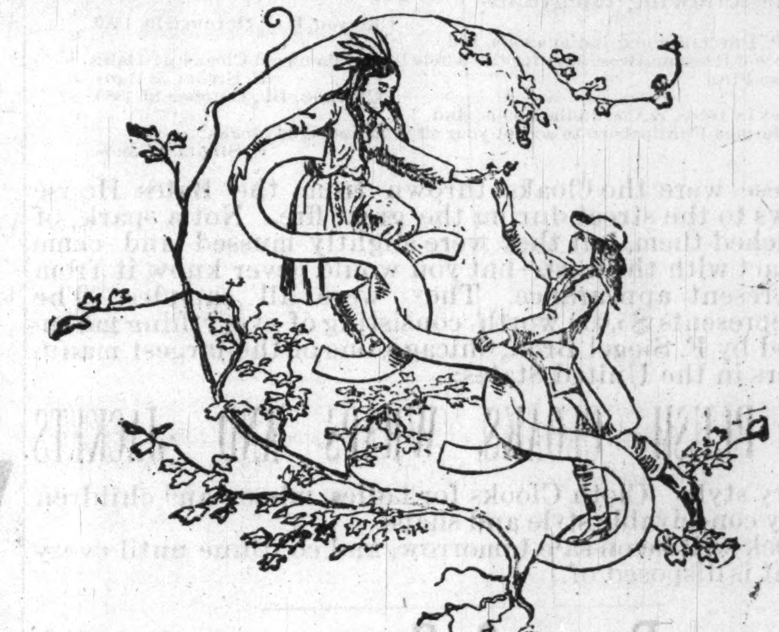
(Established 1850.) INDIANAPOLIS (Reorganized 1885.)
BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
WHEN BLOCK, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
REDMAN, HEEB & OSBORN, Principals and Proprietors.

Ladies and gentlemen educated for profitable employment, by a course of training at this institution. Book-keeping, Business practice, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship and English. Large faculty. Individual instruction. Class drills. Lectures. Eminent indorsement. Open all year. Enter now. Attractive city. Expenses moderate. Write to us. Illustrated Catalogue, Free.

ASTHMA.
Popham's Asthma Specific.
Relief in TEN MINUTES.
WM. GLEGHORN, Gardner, Ill., writes: "I have not had to sit up an hour for three years. I hope the man that invented the SPECIFIC may have everlasting life and God's blessing while he lives." Sold by all druggists. $1 per box by mail, postpaid. *Trial package free.* Address T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark
I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.
$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c GUNS WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



FROM SAVAGE TO CIVILIZATION.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is a simple vegetable compound prepared from roots freshly gathered from the forests. The formula was obtained from the Creek Indians by the whites who had witnessed the wonderful cures of blood diseases made by that tribe. It has been used since 1829, and has been the greatest blessing to mankind in curing diseases of the blood, in many instances after all other remedies had failed.

Swift's Specific cured me of terrible Tetter, from which I had suffered for twenty long years. I have now been entirely well for five years, and no sign of any return of the disease.
Rogers, Ark., May 1, 1888. W. H. WIGHT.

One bottle of S.S.S. cured my son of boils and risings, which resulted from malarial poison, and affected him all the summer. He had treatment from five doctors, who failed to benefit him.
Cavanal, Indian Ter. J. B. WISE.

I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood poison, and derived great benefit. It acts much better than potash, or any other remedy that I have ever used. B. F. WINGFIELD, M. D., Richmond, Va.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Hall's Business College,
LOGANSPORT, IND.
Established 1867. Decidedly one of the best, most successful and thorough in the State. Investigation invited. A College of Book-keeping, SHORT-HAND Type-Writing, Penmanship and kindred branches. Patronized by prominent business men. Catalogue and circulars mailed free to any address.
E. A. HALL, President.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS 25 CTS
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE LOUISVILLE, KY.
Book Keeping, Short Hand, Telegraphy, &c. Write for Catalogue and full information.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C., WILL GET YOUR PENSION without DELAY.

Malaria

Is believed to be caused by poisonous miasms arising from low, marshy land or from decaying vegetable matter, and which, breathed into the lungs, enter and poison the blood. If a healthy condition of the blood is maintained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, one is much less liable to malaria, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many severe cases of this distressing affection.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

Ely's Cream Balm
Is the best remedy for children suffering from Cold in Head, Snuffles and CATARRH
Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St. N. Y.
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. USA

WIDE-AWAKE TRADESMEN

STORE
TOWER'S FISH BRAND
BARGAINING FOR A "SLICKER"

have learned by experience that the only waterproof coat they can sell to a cowboy or hunter is the Pommel Slicker with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark on it. They are the best waterproof saddle coats ever made. They keep the saddle, the horse's back, and the rider thoroughly dry and warm. No saddle sores from the galling of a wet saddle. When used as a walking coat, the extension front buttons back, and the Slicker is changed at once to an ordinary coat. Just try one, they cost but little and will prevent colds, fevers, rheumatism, and other results to exposure to the weather. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.
A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

GARMENTS Guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT without trying on.
FREE by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

THIS IS THE GREAT "OHIO" TUBULAR WELL AND PROSPECTING MACHINE famous for succeeding where others have failed. SELF CLEANING. Drill drops 60 to 90 times a minute. CATALOGUE FREE. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.
☞ Write us what work you wish to do with a well machine. ALL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

DR. W. H. SARBER
Gives special attention to all delicate diseases of both sexs. Regulating remedies furnished. Cancers, cures guaranteed without the knife. Rupture, no cure no pay, and no pay until cured. Piles. Rectal Troubles successfully treated, and cure guaranteed. For the successful treatment of any other ills not mentioned call on or address, DR. SARBER, 96½ South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order.

DR. PARKER'S
Medical & Surgical Institute
151½ N. Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn.
Treat and Cure all Chronic Diseases. Deformities and Surgical Cases. Sexual Diseases of Men, Women and Children the results of *Imperfect Development. Evil Habits* or *Excesses*. Opium and the Whiskey Habit, etc. Sanitarium and Private Lying-in Hospital in connection. Write for circular.

JONES
HE
PAYS THE FREIGHT.
5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for $60.
Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS.
Red Cross Diamond Brand.
The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada, Pa.

WANTED—Traveling salesmen; send your address and reference to Keystone M'f'g. Co. (Inc.) Girard, Erie county, Pa., and they will mail you, free, a full outfit, including model of an article that sells rapidly to the trade in every town and city, and upon which they will pay you a liberal commission; whole outfit weighs 8 ounces.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL. 7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (c) stamp by addressing THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box 120, Philadelphia.

OPIUM vs. MORPHINE HABIT cured in 8 to 19 days. Home or Sanitarium Treatment. Trial Free. Address THE COMPOUND OXYGEN ASSOCIATION, FORT WAYNE, IND.

LADIES' Eng. Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual. Try the original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. Cir. and sworn testimony 2 stps. Pkg by mail $1.04. Warranted. DR. CATON. Box 5257, BOSTON, MASS.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, business forms Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED To handle Article every stove requires. Retails $4.00, saves $1.50 per month. Must establish County Agencies. Samples sent, expressage prepaid, on receipt of $2.75. MOREY MFG. CO., Waukesha, Wis.

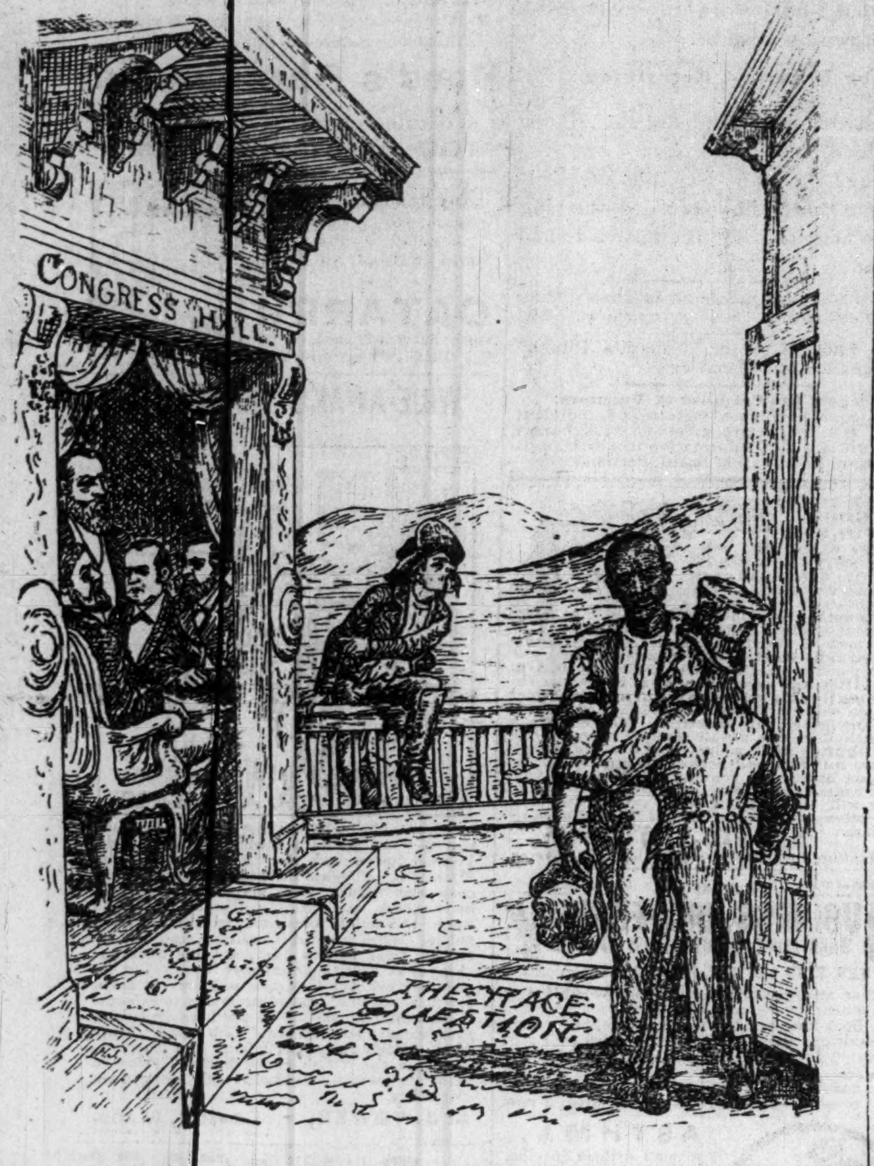
OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

$10 A DAY. Agents wanted. Cat. Free. 65c Samp. by mail 25 lc stamps. Horseowners buy 1 to 6. REIN-HOLDER CO, Holly, Mich.

INU 42—89 INDPLS

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this paper.

PRICE-LISTS OF RUG MACHINES, Patterns and Yarns, and Colored Pattern Book free. *Agents Wanted.* E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, Ohio.



THE ATTENTION OF THE NEXT CONGRESS IS RESPECTFULLY CALLED TO THE "RACE QUESTION."

THE NEW YORK STORE.

(Established 1853.)

Our new Cloak Department is receiving very flattering commendations, both on account of the convenience of the department itself, and the immense and elegant stock we are showing.

Our Plush Cloaks, from $10 to $40, are most excellent value, and our customers say "the best they can find."

In Cloth Garments we have Newmarkets, Jackets, Paletots, etc., etc., in block and colors, also fancy cloths. Many of these are confined exclusively to us.

Our special department for Misses' and Children's Cloaks is always busy, because we have just the goods, at popular prices, as wanted.

We are showing everything in Dress Goods, and our stock is now complete in every particular. Silks, Colored Wool Dress Goods and Black Dress Goods we have all the newest ideas.

We have just added more Robes that are really beautiful and very artistic. Prices, only $10 to $15.

"Lansdowne"—This is the name of a Silk and Wool Dress Goods, 40 inches wide and one of the most popular ever sold in any country. The name has been copyrighted, and the success of the goods has been so great it has made many manufacturers very envious. We were made the selling agents over a year ago, and there has never been a time that we could get them as fast as we could sell them. Landsdownes are made in the most beautiful shades, as follows:

Browns—Mahogany, Castor, Nut, Seal, Golden, Bronze.

Blues—Sapphire, Peacock, Royal, Navy, Gobelin.

Reds—Cardinal, Garnet, Wine.

Greens—Dark Olive, Light Olive, Hunter Myrtle, Serpent.

Also Prune, Plum Amethyst, Old Rose, Black, Light Gray, Dark Gray.

Evening Shades—Nile, Sea Foam, Robin's Egg, Shrimp Pink, Salmon Pink, Salmon Pink, Shell Pink, Canary, Pearl, Cream.

All the above shades in stock to-day.

THE NEW YORK STORE CANTON FLANNELS are the best made and always give satisfaction to the wearer. Full stock in Bleached and Unbleached now in store. Prices 5c to 20c.

We continue the sale of Scarlet Blankets. Prices $2.19 to $8, and every one strictly all wool.

Underwear in every grade for Men, Ladies, Misses, Boys and Children.

CORSETS—39 styles in every size.

Prices Always in Plain Figures.

Pettis, Bassett & Co

CLOAKS CLOAKS CLOAKS

Plush Cloaks!

BEAUTIFUL CLOAKS!
For Ladies, Misses ad C hildren.
BEST Goods for LOWEST price.

Parisian Cloak Co.

16 N Meridian Street.

Fred Schrader,
Dealer in
BOOTS and SHOES.
65 West Washington St.
Indianapolis, : Indiana

FIRE! FIRE!

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!

Read the following telegrams:

CHICAGO, ILL., OCTOBER 10, 1889.
M. P. PHILLIPSBORN, Indianapolis, Ind.
Accept Brosnan Bros. offer for the whole line of damaged Cloaks at Bates House Fire.
F. SIEGEL & BROS.

CHICAGO, Ill., October 10, 1889.
BROSNAN BROS. & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Informed Phillipsborn to accept your offer on damaged cloaks.
F. SIEGEL & BROS.

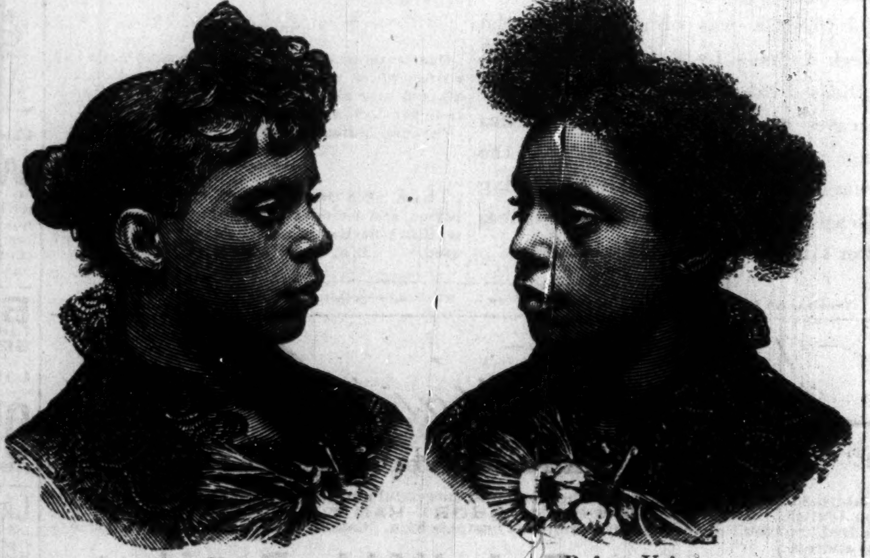
These were the Cloaks thrown from the Bates House windows to the street during the great fire. Not a spark of fire touched them, but they were slightly mussed and came in contact with the dust—but you would never know it from their present appearance. They were all samples. The stock represents $5,000 worth, consisting of everything manufactured by F. Siegel Bros., Chicago, one of the largest manufacturers in the United States;

SEAL PLUSH CLOAKS, WRAPS AND JACKETS

Of every style. Cloth Clooks for ladies, misses and children in every conceivable style and shape.

Stock will be on sale tomorrow, and continue until every garment is disposed of.

Brosnan Bros. & Co:, 37 and 39 S. Illinois St.



After Using. Before Using.

Soft, Straight and Silky.

MY NUTRITIVE POMADE, which I use in connection with my French System of Hair Improvement. I wish to recommend to the Ladies of Indianapolis and elsewhere, as an indispensible article for the toilet; a preparation for softening, rendering glossy and pliant, and thereby promoting a healthy growth of the hair. Those who have been unable to secure my treatment for cultivating the hair will find their hair greatly improved by trying a bottle of the Nutritive Pomade, which will be found constantly for sale either at the residence of Mr. Geo. Knox, 118 N. Tennesse St., or at his Barber Shop at the Bates House. Price per bottle, 50c. Sent by mail on receipt of 55c.

Ladies of Chicago

Will find me in your city after the 21st inst, ready for consultation or treatment under my French System of Hair Culture at No. 444 State Street, 3d floor.

Rebecca E. Elliott,
Hair Culturist.

CARPETS, WALL PAPER,

Window Shades, Laces, Draperies, Etc.

See the bargains we are offering:

Lace Curtatns - - - - -	50c per pair.
Brass Trimmed Poles - - - - -	25c each
Window Shades, with Spring Fixtures	25c each.
Oil Cloths - - - - -	25c per yd.
Smyrna Mats - - - - - -	75c.

W. H. ROLL, 30 to 38 S. Illinois Street.
Fort Bazel, Salesmen.

THE BOSTON STORE.

We Claim VALUE FOR PRICE Beyond Competition.

Cloak Department.

We announce the opening of the finest cloak room in Indianapolis. Our stock is entirely new and our designs will not be found elsewhere. Read the prices and see goods:

50 Ladies Newmarkets	$2.87 each
46 " " - - - -	4.25 "
29 " " - - - -	4.95 "

Also Special Values at 88.87, $10, and $13.50
Misses Newmarkets from 2.87 to 25.
Seal Plush Sacks at $12, $15, $19, and $25.
" " Jackets, $7.75, $9.75, $13.50, etc.
Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Jackets, over 100 styles, from $1.50 to $25.

Dress Goods Counter.

This department has recently been enlarged, and we are now making a grand display of all kinds of dress fabrics. We quote 10 special lots now on sale:

LOT 1—50 pieces 40-inch Dress Goods, handsome Plaids, Side Borders, etc., 12½c, value 25c.

LOT 2—100 pieces yard wide English Henriettas, choice colors, at 25c, value 35c.

LOT 3—40 pieces 40-inch all wool Ladies' Cloth at 25c.

LOT 4—50 pieces strictly all wool Homespuns, 40 inches wide, 29c.

LOT 5—54-inch Broadcloth, all wool 48c per yd.

LOT 6—Yard wide all wool Henriettas 39c, worth 65c.

LOT 7—46-inch all wool Henriettas at 50c worth 75c.

LOT 8—100 pieces Fancy Stripes, Plaids, Borders, Novelties, etc., 40-inch goods, all wool, at 50c.

LOT 9—60-inch Broadcloth, warranted not to spot, and never sold under $1.00—our price 80c.

LOT 10—Yard and half wide French Broadcloth, steamed and sponged, exceptional value at $1.00 and $1.25.

Black Goods and Silks.

We are showing some extraordinary bargains at this counter. Special prices on colored satins from now until the holidays

Flannels, Blankets and Comforts.

If you have anything in this line to buy, it is simply a waste of good money to purchase before inspecting our goods.

Flannels from 6½c up.
Blankets from 69c up.

Underwear and Hosiery.

To the left as you enter will be found our extensive underwear department. We are Jobbers and Mill Agents for all grades of underwear and hosiery. We retail them at prices that are identically what our competitors pay for the same qualities.

The Fashionable Lace of To-day is VANDYKE - POINT.

Our prices--10c, 15c, 20c, 25c per yd.

JACKSON, PORTER & ALDERMAN
26 and 28 West Washington St.
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